

The Bookman

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Notes on the Season's Books

A Changed Perspective—The "Intelligent Man's" Mentors— Religion and Childhood—Misleading Titles—George Moore

There was once a halcyon time—when THE BOOKMAN was young—when the publishers' Spring announcements could be surveyed with the assurance that the output would divide itself into well defined categories, and that in each category a few significant names would give to the year its recognisable tone. That time will not return. In 1933 the Spring lists are so prolific and so catholic, the authors of established repute so many and those of known promise so many also, that any preliminary survey ceases to be a matter of preliminary judgment. It is an affair precisely similar to a child's first goggle-eyed sight of the stocking and bolster-case at the end of the bedrail on Christmas morning. The profusion may mean anything, from every desire satisfied to all hopes thwarted.

Soon after the passing of Forster's popular Education Act in the seventies, *Punch* had a cartoon depicting all artists, musicians, painters, writers thrown out of business for lack of auditors, since auditors had themselves become practitioners. The forecast has not reached actuality, but one of its implications has been realised. The few names of high significance which were once the clue to the probable quality of a publishing season are no longer potent guides. There are long lists of names of high significance, and the generality of writers is now of such a high level of craftsmanship that no season can be wholly without several pieces of work any one of which might two or three decades ago have made the season memorable. As Sir Johnstone Forbes-

Robertson said recently of acting in our time, the general level is so high that the Irvings of our time do not stand out so vividly in the perspective. So it is with letters. The prospect is cheering or appalling according to the temperament of the onlooker, with a

dozen Conan Doyles creating a dozen new Sherlocks each season, half a hundred Barries being whimsical, a thousand Grant Allens, mostly women, trying to outbid "The Woman Who Did" in an age that refuses to be shocked or excited, and at least a handful of genuine artists worthy to rank with the masters of a past generation when time shall have sifted them from their merely competent competitive peers.

It is noticeable that the old publishing "seasons" are losing their rigid calendar limitations. The Spring season is now earlier than it used to be. Already we have had a novel from Mr. Wells, a novel from Sinclair Lewis, a novel from Liam O'Flaherty, and a novel from Winifred Holtby—each of which has been recognised as a significant contribution to 1933. In

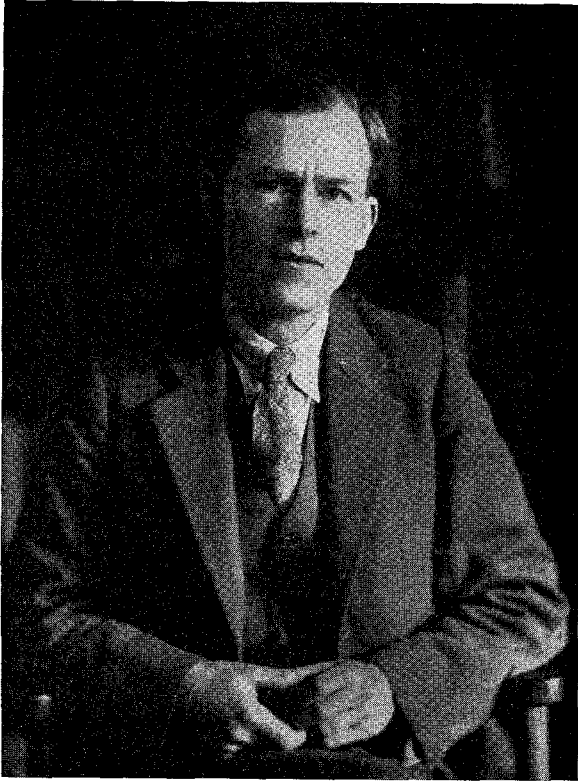
these notes I propose to write neither of the novels already published nor to review in any sense the prospects of fiction in the coming year. My concern for the moment is to mark in the lists a few volumes which promise to be attractive, for the most part outside the fictional category.

Nietzsche's aphorism "That which is attacked grows strong," seems likely to be developed into the paradox



Mr. George Moore, who died on January 21st
in his 81st year.

From a painting.



G. D. H. Cole.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

"That which is ignored grows strong." A recent outline of knowledge for children paid such scant attention to Christianity that "The Outline of Religion for Children," which will be published in the autumn by Hodder & Stoughton, is almost automatically sure of a wide and ready welcome. The purpose of the book is threefold. It hopes to present the story of the world's religions in a way which will be appreciated by children; it will emphasise the part which religion, and particularly the Christian religion, has played in every sphere of human activity; it will contest the rising general tendency to think of life solely in terms of biology and economics. It will be lavishly illustrated, and is to be prepared and edited by Mr. E. R. Appleton, known both as a scholar in his subject and as a particularly attractive "broadcaster" of biblical stories.

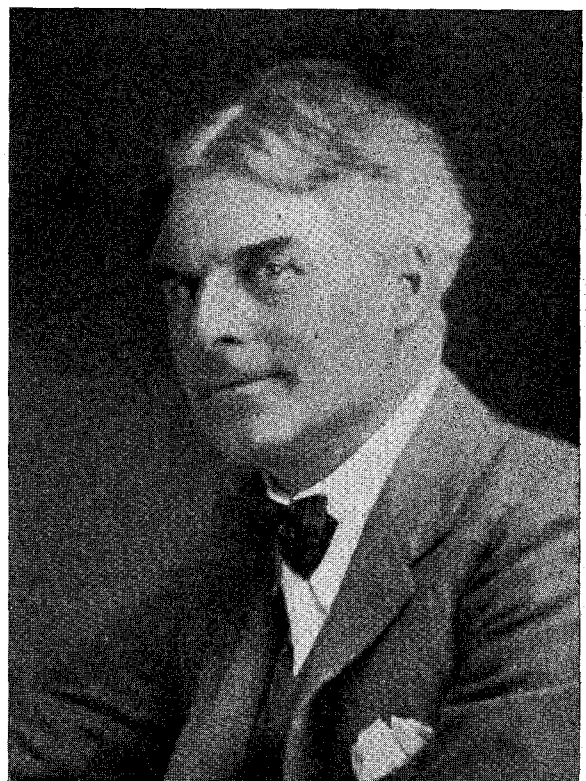
Easy guides to knowledge are still to remain the vogue. A complementary volume, it would seem, to the Outline just mentioned will be "A Junior Survey of Modern Civilisation," by H. C. Knapp-Fisher, for which Victor Gollancz will be responsible. This will be an attempt to explain the law, the structure of the State, the elements of economics and politics for the comprehension of a juvenile intelligence. The same firm will also provide "What Everybody Wants to Know About Money," by a group of Oxford economists skippered by G. D. H. Cole, and "The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe To-Day," by G. D. H. and M. I. Cole, which will be a work of some six hundred pages, offered at five shillings, as a companion to Mr. Cole's recent Guide to the same Intelligent Man through Chaos. The intelligent man is indeed very much in the mind of Mr. Gollancz, for he is also to be provided with "The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War," edited by Leonard Woolf, to which Lord Cecil will contribute. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is no doubt flattered by so wide

an adoption of his original title, should surely now crown the work of Mr. Gollancz by providing an intelligent man's guide to intelligent men's guides to everything by everybody.

In the controversial field a notable volume will be the symposium, "Christianity and the Crisis," planned and edited by Dr. Percy Dearmer, with an impressive array of clerical contributors each of whom provides an original section—original that is in the sense that it has not before seen print—with the exception of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose contribution has once before been heard or read as a sermon before the Ambassadors on Disarmament. The volume will fall into three logical sections—an examination of the crisis, an exposition of Christianity, and an enunciation of the Christian solution to our present difficulties. This volume will also come from the house of Gollancz as a book for popular reading at five shillings.

Sir Arthur Eddington's contribution to the gaiety of nations will be "The Expanding Universe," which the Cambridge Press is to issue at 3s. 6d. The book will incorporate and expand some of Professor Eddington's recent lectures, and will deal with the view now tentatively held that the whole material universe of stars and galaxies of stars is dispersing, the galaxies scattering apart so as to occupy an ever increasing volume. But the matter is treated not as an end in itself. "To take an analogy from detective fiction," says Sir Arthur, "it is the clue, not the criminal—the 'hidden hand' in my story is the cosmical constant."

An interesting compilation is promised in February by Dents under the title, "The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley." This will be a collection for the first time of the chief authorities for the facts of Shelley's life—the early years dealt with by Hogg, the later years



Dr. Percy Dearmer.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.



Shelley.

by Peacock and Trelawny. It will be prepared and edited with an introduction by Humbert Wolfe. The introduction will be more than a mere formal foreword to the three sections of excerpts. It will be a critical essay of some length.

Another compilation which promises to deserve attention is "The Restoration Omnibus"—an unfortunate and slightly bathotic title—an anthology of the standard writings on the period, ranging from Pepys, Evelyn to Walter Scott and Arthur Bryant. For this anthology, to be published by the Ocean Publishing Company, Dr. H. W. Saunders is responsible. The Restoration poetasters are so largely a matter of mood rather than of æsthetic convictions on poetry, that a selection of critical opinion upon them by men of different generations can hardly fail to be of interest and possible amusement.

Prominent among the year's biographies will be the second volume of Mr. Garvin's "Chamberlain"—mentioned elsewhere in this issue—and Lord Birkenhead's first volume of the Life of his father, which will be published separately as "Lord Birkenhead: The First Phase." In relative youth Mr. Winston Churchill achieved a lasting fame in this field with his work on his father, and there must be a certain sentimental interest in the mere desire to know whether F. E.'s son has emulated Randolph's son. Lord Birkenhead *père* was, like Randolph Churchill, outside the normal treatment of a conventional biography. Like Churchill, what he was is of far greater interest than what he did.



Lord Birkenhead.

To have achieved his legal and political distinction so young was much; to have become in his own youth a legend to which all responded, either warmly or frigidly, was more. The test of his son's work will be the capturing, or

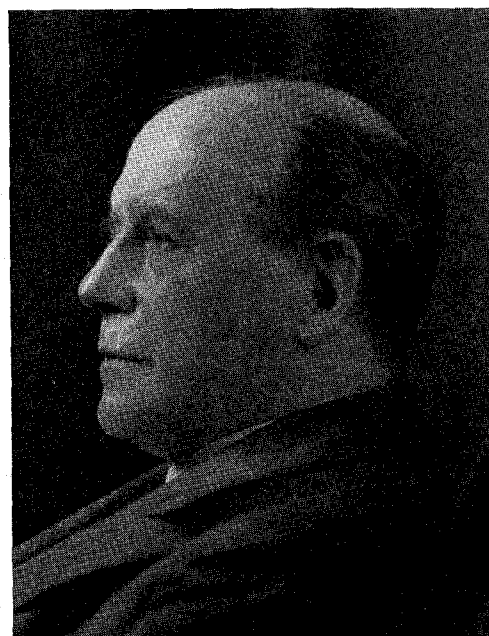
failure to capture, character before it was applied to the test of executive office.

In the first flight of volumes in celebration of the centenary of Brahms comes Julius Harrison's "Brahms and His Four Symphonies."

Mr. Harrison, who as a conductor has had thirty years' experience in the technique of the symphonies, has provided a critical biography wherein the story of the composer's life is used to illuminate the conception of the work. The book is quite frankly designed for the "Promenade Concert" public, who last season showed a particularly avid desire for more Brahms. The book will be published by Chapman & Hall probably at 7s. 6d.

Realistic fiction which is devoid of propaganda is rare. The propaganda is not always deliberate; it is very often caused by the author's love for, and understanding of some protagonistic character with whom he almost unwittingly "takes sides." Novels with industrialism for a background are particularly prone to propagandistic degeneration. The fault, I am told, has been avoided by Catharine Brody, whose "Nobody Starves" is having a vogue in America and will be published here by Collins during the spring. Miss Brody made her first reputation as a woman journalist in a series of articles for the *New York World* on "What Happens When a Girl Goes Job-Hunting." In collecting material for those articles she visited Detroit, the centre of the motor industry, and to that smitten city she returned for the background of her novel. The book is grim, but true.

In the economic field, two of the most provocative commentators will throw down new gages. Mr. Maynard Keynes will offer a companion volume to his recent "Essays in Persuasion," bearing the title "Essays in Biography." This will contain a study of Mr. Lloyd George originally written for "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," but omitted from the published version of that work. When one recalls the vivid and contemptuous picture of the statesman which did grace the pages of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," a suppressed portrait promises to be stimulating, although the imprint of Macmillan damps any hopes of a too wicked revelation of Mr. Keynes's impatient prejudice with the great little Celt.



Sir Owen Seaman.

See page 438.



Jane Oliver.

tain institutions and personalities in the money market and Threadneedle Street.

Portraiture of statesmen who made the great peace will also adorn the volume which is to come from Mr. Harold Nicolson, under the title, "Peace-Making: 1918-1919." The book will be of unusual psychological interest, for it will consist for the first part of a private diary kept by Mr. Nicolson when he was at Paris in his then capacity as a Foreign Office official, and for the second part of a detailed commentary on the Paris episode written to-day from the viewpoint of the nineteen-thirties. The diary will be reinforced by certain letters from Paris which, like the diary, will be virtually "unedited" from their original expressions of view.

Book titles can be very misleading. It is on record that a schoolgirl once seized upon Professor Gregory's "The First Year of the Gold Standard," thinking it a romance, the gold standard seeming to her romantic eye the flag which some Bonnie Prince Charlie had hoisted. Within the past few weeks Dr. Robert Eisler has published a considerable tome with the startling title of "Stable Money" (Search Publishing Co.). Any racegoer who imagines that it is a consideration of the use and abuse of stable money in the betting sense will be doomed to sharp disillusionment, for it concerns currency reform. Almost as dangerous will be "The Royal Mail Case," announced for publication in February by William Hodge. This will bear the name of Mr. Collin Brooks, but if anyone buys it under the impression that it is one of his mystery stories, hope will be disappointed, for the book consists of a report of the trial of Lord Kylsant, with a commentary on accountancy and company law as the case affected these matters.

In great contrast to "Nobody Starves" is another Collins novel, "Business As Usual," by Jane Oliver and Ann Stafford. This is the merry tale of a Scots girl who found work in a huge Oxford Street store. The story is by Jane Oliver, with illustrations, which are quite definitely part of the text, by her collaborator. Catharine Brody treats wage slavery as tragedy, but Jane Oliver finds in it more than a modicum of positive farce.

Recent experiments by various publishing houses in providing cheap editions in paper or card covers have hardly proved that the English book-buying public has acquired the Continental taste in matters of format.

Dr. Paul Einzig, through Kegan Paul, will publish "The Comedy of the £," which will be a kind of ironic addendum to his earlier work, "The Tragedy of the £," and will, I understand, outrival the frankness of Mr. Keynes in its comments upon cer-

The average book buyer is a conservative creature. He is accustomed to certain prices—7s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. are all prices which he pays by habit for his novels. It is quite probable that a publisher with a cheap series of reprints who lowered a familiar price

by a fraction might thereby injure rather than aid the sale of the series. There is nothing however to prevent a publishing house from giving a better format for the familiar price. This has been done by Hodder & Stoughton in their two shilling fiction series. "Death Answers the Bell," by Valentine Williams, now in that series, has come into my hands bound in a strong and pleasant blue cloth with yellow shoulders lettered in black. The volume is small enough for a male pocket but large enough for shelving, its yellow shoulder giving a distinctive note among dingier and more sombre bindings.

To one book of the season the mind and the heart turn with profound and unaffected sorrow. When George Moore died he was at work on "A Communication to My Friends," and this will be published as he left it. In these notes it is hardly fitting that even the most brief attempt should be made to appraise either the artist or the man, but it is impossible to look forward to his last work without looking backward to all that he has meant. Artists in words are not so few as contemptuous cynics declare, but artists of the quality of Moore are rare indeed. His early realism, wrought under the influence of Zola, and his still earlier romanticism, which was born of Baudelaire, gave no promise of the eventual manner of the master.

George Moore was not born free of his æsthetic kingdom; his freedom was purchased by labour. He was not the critic as artist, but the artist as critic, for his ultimate style was gained by a self-examination which revealed a detachment from subjectivity which was almost inhuman, and which was the more remarkable in that it came from one who was by mental temperament essentially subjective. He could combine intense psychological exploration with a sense of spaciousness—and graciousness—which recalled Walter Pater, but he had a descriptive gift to which Pater could not aspire. Whether, as he thought, "The Brook Kerith" was his masterpiece, or whether some other work marked his fullness, it is very certain that neither he nor any other has surpassed some of the purely descriptive English of "Héloïse and Abélard." At another time he shall be more fittingly celebrated. In this place one can but make the last gesture of loss and gratitude.

We regret that Mr. Thomas Derrick's Cartoon has been unavoidably held over for this month.

THE BOOKMAN.



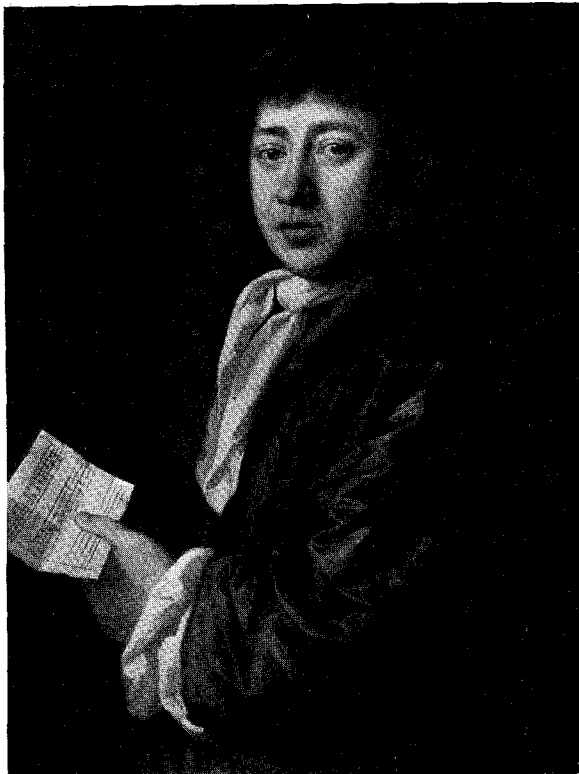
Valentine Williams.

Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

MONTAIGNE AND PEPYS

By Esmé Whittaker

COMMEMORATIONS and the coincidence of dates often lead one to consider in juxtaposition figures which ordinarily are kept far apart, and though this may be but an idle pastime, it can sometimes claim the advantage of forcing one to see a personality from a new point of view, and by comparing the similarities or

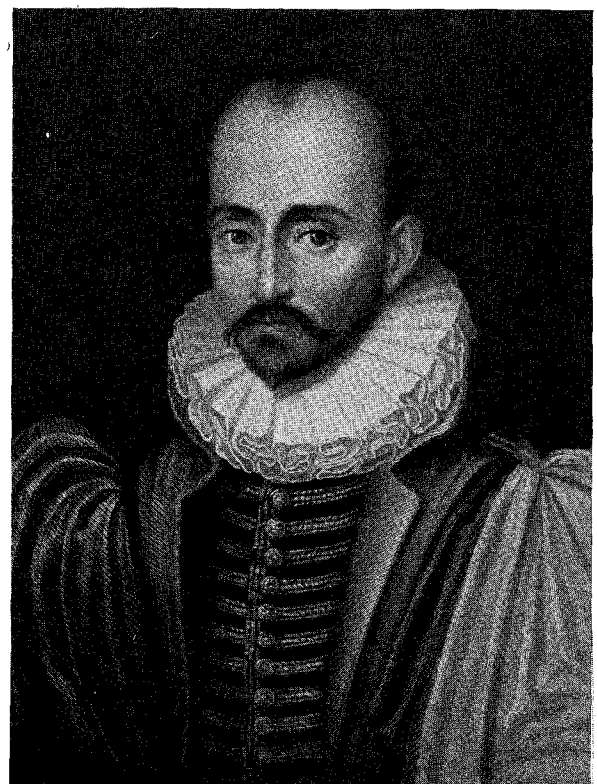
*Samuel Pepys.*

dissimilarities of two people, win a greater appreciation of their worth. This month we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the most outstanding essayist in European literature, for Michael, Lord of Montaigne, was born in Perigord on February 28th, 1533, and if we look for another date to commemorate we can celebrate the birth of Pepys, who was born nearly a century later. Certainly in this case there seems to be little enough in common. Indeed since both authors make amusing light reading by reason of the contemporary customs, events or opinions which they reflect, and small domestic details which retain an inexplicable charm for readers, the essential and important part of both writers' work is often lost in a bundle of pretty but distracting wrappings. Yet when one has discounted the entertaining facts that it was of no use trying to conceal plans from Lady Montaigne by speaking Greek, or that Mrs. Pepys, when her jealousy was aroused, might heat the fire-tongs and attack her husband, when indeed one had discounted Montaigne's excessive and often only ornamental learning, one finds that this anniversary brings together the two most perfectly expressed personalities which can be found in any literature.

The French essayist and the English diarist reveal themselves with a completeness which make professed autobiographies, if they are not concerned entirely with extraneous affairs, seem peculiarly blatant and

uninteresting forms of advertisement when placed side by side with either the Diary or the Essays. It is only perhaps when one reads for instance the most famous of memoirs, Casanova's, and then Pepys, that one realises how very unimportant externals are in the last named, and how essential to ward off sleep in the former. Nor is it due entirely to a difference in character between the two, but rather that Casanova, like most people who find it necessary to write of themselves, dramatises himself and thus destroys the complete interest which a personality always evokes, to replace it by the simpler interest with which we follow a tale of adventure.

Pepys's Diary presents a document unique in any literature. It is indeed always slightly puzzling to know why it was written, for the intense interest which he shows in his own actions, however unimportant and slight, is a characteristic of an introspective nature. Yet the complete absence of any exaggeration either of virtues or vices which often occur almost unconsciously when an introspective character examines itself; indeed the lack of curiosity or meditation upon what he observes of himself, make it impossible to regard him as anything but an extravert. Between what he saw or felt and what he noted down there is not a trace of distortion due to prudery or the opinions of others, and he manages to regard his life with a perfect and magnificent objectivity. We are presented with a strange contrast to the brilliant public man which he must have appeared to his contemporaries. It is a character which—apart from this gift of being interested in himself without almost thinking about it—is likeable and will ever be popular from its very normality. And

*Montaigne.*

From an original picture at Paris in the *Dépot des Archives du Royaume*.

under this pitiless searchlight his personality appears, taken all in all, an admirable one; one capable of disinterested actions and one whose instinctive egotism never disgusts the reader; one to whom public duties are not interesting merely on account of opportunities for personal advancement, and one which is capable at times of a true and far-seeing patriotism. His diverse interests in music, the theatre, literature and even a good piece of oratory from the pulpit are sincere, and his curiosity is always whetted by a new scientific experiment which is to be seen. Indeed but for his intelligence, which won him so high a post at so early an age, and allowing for the fact that he lived in an age when "rising in the world" and having diverse interests was not necessarily accompanied by the self-conscious endeavour of a Wellsian hero, he embodies the character of the mediocre man.

To turn from Pepys to Montaigne is a bewildering sensation. It is true that we find a person who, when not being claimed by religious sects for their own uses, has always been known as "gentle." We find too anecdotes enough to please us, but even while we read that he was fond of perfumes and wore a scented collar, and are about to like the man for this scrap of information, we are disturbed by being reminded that the senses are dulled by habit. Although it would not be difficult to find as much "human interest" in the Essays as in the Diary, we are never allowed to rest in peace with the scrap of news we have discovered. While, apart from historical interest, the "human interest" is paramount in Pepys's writing, in Montaigne it is but material for conjecture. Should he write an essay upon "Lame People" we are led into an attack upon miracles. He saw himself and recorded his actions with as much objectivity as Pepys, though he remarks: "If I paint myself diversely, it is because I see myself diversely." But he recorded his own doings and those of the classical heroes in order that he might meditate on human conduct, and rarely just for the sake of recording facts.

To be faced with this inseparability of emotion and intellect, to find intelligence confined not to business matters or abstract speculation, but allowed to examine and play with every feeling and emotion is a disconcerting experience and, for an age which has almost ceased paying even lip-service to the Humanities, a distinctly novel one. But we must remember that, during the sixteenth century, philosophical and classical learning enjoyed a respect, and its teachers earned reputations which they will probably never again command. Also Montaigne enjoyed an experimental education especially devised for him by his father, which made his knowledge of Latin almost that of a prodigy.

Also it is wise to recall that, about the date of his birth, the Reformation was introduced into France,

and during his youth revolution, civil war, religious persecution and the burning of heretics became an everyday affair, which makes his desire for toleration more understandable, while it heightens his originality. For the Essays, however much they may superficially appear to be the egotistical musings of an old man, are directed with subtlety to an end. He notes down all his thoughts, with no preference for the lofty moralisings over the slight or mean, and reveals himself, and with him mankind, as being neither good nor bad—certainly never in a position to be sure enough of himself or anything to warrant intolerance. There are few writers who could boast with justice: "I am not possessed with this common error, to judge of others according to what I am myself. I am easy to believe things differing from my self. Though I be engaged to one form, I do not tie the world unto it, as every man doth? And I believe and conceive a thousand manners of life, contrarie to the common sort: I more easily admit and receive difference than resemblance in us." Indeed this wide sympathy and the realisation that "we are, I know not how, of a double nature, so that what we believe we do not believe," makes Montaigne the greatest, most subtle and most difficult to combat of all the sceptics.

He is the epitome of the Revival of Learning, when the ideal was still the understanding and study of man; and in spite of the pedantry which so often characterised the scholars, a pedantry under which Montaigne himself suffered at the College of Guyenne, when once this ideal is lost there is a littleness of outlook which gradually grows more confined as civilisation advances. Already Lord Bacon had directed the intelligence away from studying mankind to regard scientific phenomena, and we never again recover that unforced and searching wisdom which was fostered by studying humanity. Nor is it entirely fanciful to see, a century later, in Pepys's Diary a constriction of outlook which is not due entirely to the different opportunities, education and characteristics of the two writers, but which is indeed a true change of outlook between the two ages.

In Pepys that interest is entirely egotistical. Probably he led a fuller life than that led by an average man to-day, but that incuriosity is fully apparent which has since increased until now "human interest," so loudly and often demanded of our writers, has come to mean nothing but a repetition of soothing common characteristics, an interminable monotony, which contrasts ill with the love of difference displayed by Montaigne, and combats both aggressively and insidiously that love of tolerance which he fought for so patiently, and which was the greatest blessing which learning gave to the human race.

"GHOSTIES AND GHOULIES"—*continued*

Uses of the Supernatural in English Fiction

By Mary Butts

After the ballads, "Lulli, Lulli," the "Lyke Wake Dirge," even "Tam Lyn" and the "Wife of Usher's Well," who saw her sons' ghosts in hats of bark that—

"Neither grew not in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh;
But at the gates of Paradise
That bark grew fair enough."

After these, there is little good writing about such things; though Shakespeare believed in his witches; he had seen in Warwickshire similar country hags. And Caliban, so it seems inevitable, is more convincing than Ariel. For the seventeenth century, one can say that Milton's preoccupation is chiefly with the supernatural. But what a supernatural! An educated and intelligent man—take the classic Chinaman—but entirely ignorant of our civilisation, what would he make of our religion and our theology from the study of "Paradise Lost"? How fantastic, how insanely improbable it would appear to him, wanting our saturation in its assumptions. While from what one reads of Chinese folk and mystery tales, "Tam Lyn," to Professor James and even Mr. Benson, would be familiar country to him, old hauntings newly set.

The Scots ballads died, came to life once and have stayed dead ever since Hogg published "Kilmeny." His best poem, variations on the theme that is the theme of "True Thomas," which haunts in infinite varieties the imagination of man:

"Late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came home.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare."

Here he manages to persuade us, but from point of treatment, most of the poem is as objective and unsuggestive as a novel by Mrs. Radcliffe; the girl's vision and adventures being no more than a translation of a translation of something half forgotten. Except for one verse, on which the whole poem depends:

"In yon green wood there is a wake,
And in that wake there is a wene,
And by that wene there is a make
That neither has flesh nor blood nor bane:
And down yon green wood he walks his lane."

Kilmeny's lover came from that place, where the bark was cut that shone round the heads of the sons of the wife of Usher's Well.

Scotland after that stayed mute, except for George Macdonald, who picked up the trail to that land by way of "The Back of the North Wind." Strange company for

Apollo on his winter journey there. After him, Fiona Macleod, probably unreadable to us to-day. Then, in the full light of soldiering and Parliament, the easy writing of the finest adventure stories, Colonel John Buchan, in the books which have earned him least praise, writes with reserve and reverence, but with conviction, on his race's traditional material.

It is noticeable that men with a *flair* for life as it is lived—war and adventure and social relations—have often their mystical preoccupations as well. The more thoroughgoing the worldly activities, the public life, the deeper the preoccupation would seem. (The other way round, Desmond Macarthy has something to say about the hard-headedness of the mystic.) Colonel Buchan can be called Rider Haggard's successor. Mr. Benson knows his pre-War world. Colonel Buchan sets his stories up north, but not always in Scotland. There is one about the agony of the Emperor Justinian, transmitted through a bust of him, brought to a country house and setting loose forces of destruction there. Another of a stream called Fawn, and a haunting that went with it from classic times. A scholar, antique civilisation haunts his work also; as in a recent novel, "The Dancing Floor."

Colonel Buchan is a man with many of Kipling's prejudices about strong men and his distrust of the arts. This with real scholarship and love of life; the natural beauty of his land assimilated until his descriptions have a classic beauty. His "Dancing Floor" is one of the first novels to owe its origin to "The Golden Bough." There, in an obscure Greek island, owned by a girl the peasants hate on account of her father's sham obscene sorceries, the ritual of the Kouros and Korè is evoked by them against her. Colonel Buchan knows the first law—for whatever it may mean, the law is there—of the interaction of other worlds with ours; that it can be somehow described by a parallel with the knight's move in chess. The other moves are comparable with ordinary activities. Only the knights move two squares and a diagonal, on and sideways and can jump. The young man in the book, has had all his life a recurrent dream to show that an adventure of profound significance is on its way. Mistranslates its nature, and yet is there in time to play Kouros to her Korè and save her. And the dress she wore when they passed through the fire, which had shocked him in a London night club, was the one the maiden would have worn twenty-five centuries back. But



"Hanging above the grove . . . was a face."

From a wood engraving by Nan Leeder.

it is in the young man's dream that the kernel of significance lies.

The conception of "Brushwood Boy" is exquisite. Variation on the significant theme of "The Dancing Floor," the realisation of a dream-sequence, shared by a "gentle girl and boy"; Freud ignored, but not without parallel in one's experience, as in many folk-tales also. There is a tradition, old as humanity, that sometimes in sleep, instead of hanging about the body and play-acting its desires, we leave it, and go off on an adventure where no body can go; visit a country whose relation to this world is like that of our world to the stage set, with its painted trees and sky.

"What does it mean?" the girl asks the boy, another Koré with another Kouroi, as they draw up their horses after the ride, which was not unlike the Thirty-Mile Ride they had taken together in sleep. "If it means anything, it means this," he answered. "This" being marriage, India, children, a country house. They had done better in sleep, and had the sense to take this world as they found it. In this story there runs through what Paracelsus, I think, and Swedenborg called the "signatures." The law of signatures or correspondences is familiar to everyone in experience, but usually hustled out of consideration under the name of coincidence. What the mediæval mystic, and perhaps the Cambridge Platonist, meant by it was this: that every significant event or happening which quickens the individual life is, as it were, announced by trivial physical accidents, fortuitous, unconnected, a kind of pun on the event in progress or to be.

You see in a shop and buy a ship in a glass snowstorm, or fill a glass wine-jar from the Midi with water, and call it the "sea-at-home." Then comes the event itself—a friend returns, a sailor, after years, and a friendship is very deeply renewed. You turn up the Encyclopædia for the name of a Siennese primitive, and in a parallel column see the name of the man who has come back—but this time he has only some oblique connection with the sea. After that, the sea gets loose all about the house. A jug of salt water is served in mistake for sweet; a small child, who has not heard about the sailor, will talk about nothing but boats. A friend arrives who can eat nothing but fish. These go on until they die out. But they can reach a point past coincidence, the important incident signing itself a dozen ways in different varieties of matter. Observed by early man, they account for divination becoming official, part of the state. While to-day the pursuit of their significance is a thing to be wary of, if one would escape Strindberg's haunted walks through Paris, driven by imaginary enemies to crazy terror—fear which came out again in illuminated prose—as he trod on the crossed sticks in the Rue Cardinal le Moine.

If the test of these stories is evocation, no trick of technique is more useful than the use of "signatures." In the "Finest Story," the finest moment is when Charlie, the bank clerk, once a viking with Thorfin Karlsefne, once a galley-slave, crosses London Bridge and heard a cow bellowing, with a book-bill chained to him.

It is not in Mr. Kipling to indulge in theory; his gift is a unique eye for what things look like. All his "uncanny" stories—including an extraordinary one in his last book, being closely allied to the strictest scientific experiment—carry, if not in the *dénouement*, but by some beauty of detail, as in the "Basara of Poree," profound knowledge, and the necessary kind of physical awareness in Mr. Kipling's own nature. This sensitiveness is unique in kind, and absolutely necessary for this sort of work. Its absence makes D. G. Rossetti and his attempts to handle magical material outside the scope of this essay. The success of those works, such as "Rose-Mary" and the "Ballad of the King's Tragedy," is the success proper to poetry; as evocation of the supernatural they are no use.

There are stories by Mr. Kipling which have had children by Lord Dunsany and Mr. Metcalf. The last published, not long ago, "The Smoking Leg." Well-written tales, if rather too sensational, at least for one whose taste is all for the lovely sobriety of Professor James, for the rational hope of Mr. Benson. Still, the story "Nightmare Jack"

is ghastly—too ghastly for sober telling. And it is perhaps not impossible that the stories, so outrageously ill-gotten, saturated in the rites of an East Indian god of priest-pæderasty, charged with the ritual, the cult, the desire, may have had peculiar effects on men who did not know what they were handling, whose hands were bloody, and who were mortally afraid.

What a man can conceive, he can become "like." Meditate on Apollo and on Artemis—in the right way—and concepts of radiance and swiftness will possess even the body; until, with luck, a young man or woman may become not entirely unlike the Twins "whom Fair-haired Leto bare." This is the truth about the gods. Give yourself up to your conception of them, and you will become in some sense a repetition, an image of them. Many a testy, fussy, vengeful, rather righteous old gentleman is the direct responsibility of the Protestant Jehovah. From where do they come, these objects of contemplation, changing and developing down the centuries, of whom our conception, Christian or pagan, seems, at certain moments of intensity, to be outside normal experience? We know their geography, their ritual, hardly their vitality's source. What is it in the universe which gave to the tribal gods of the Achæans something like immortal life? Developed the tribal mascot of the primitive Jews? Vitality which seems to shift and draw new power, out of each and to each of the generations of men. Artemis and Apollo show signs of lasting longer than Jehovah. He began as a small godling, as humble as they. The Second Isaiah exalted him: Greek speculation or taste arranged him in a group of three. Join him with Ammon, Zeus and later Odin, and you get God the Father. The Brother and Sister crystallised earlier, never claimed universality and remain "*Gods to whom the doubtful philosopher can pray . . . as to so many radiant and heart-searching hypotheses.*" It is infinitely subtle, this making-over of vision by generations of minds. Visions that harden and slowly lose their quality; become dull, stucco and plaster: stages of the Cheshire Cat: that flash out again and repossess men's minds by means of some brilliant restatement: "*Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair . . .*"

Mr. Metcalf's "Smoking Leg" is one of our last "occult" additions and an original one. But it is the story that the reviewers passed by which has the most value, the soundest originality—a quiet little tale, without properties, but curiously persuasive; variation on the antique notion that a place can be two places at once.

In the past certain holy spots, caves and "temenoi" were, at one and the same time, a place on this earth; a place where once a supernatural event had happened; and a place where, by luck or devotion or the *quality* of the initiate, it might happen again. The cave on Mount Ida was a cave and the birthplace of Zeus. Also, if one is not mistaken, a place where a supernatural event could happen again, and man "become God." At Eleusis, at certain times and in different ways—during a play, "mime" of a "sacred marriage," or in the dark, by an "*ear of corn, reaped in silence,*" upheld in a beam of light, an even physical change came over man; he was translated, "converted," initiated, "saved." So far as these were ceremonies and the rites symbolical, any Church may be counted in the same order. By such circumstances men profited; drew out in proportion to what they put in. The crux of the business carries us a step farther when, as in the case of Triphonius in the cave, things happened to you whether you liked it or not. No doubt mechanism was used—"Sometimes, I do not say always, very simple and innocent contrivances whereby the priest fortifies the faith of his flock." But outside what may be called the regular places where men went for initiation, to have their souls strengthened by contact with reality outside the observation of their senses, man has kept a belief and a tradition that certain places exist, of themselves and quite unofficially, charged with Mana and taboo. Not always places you would expect. Explanation or theory apart, a good many sensitive persons have a list of their own. For instance there is a neolithic earthwork in the south of

England. It is better not to say where. The fewer people who pollute that holy and delectable ground the better. No shepherd, no farm-hand will go there after dark. In mediæval romance, a place identified with it was a "temenos" of Morgan le Fay. (The country people have forgotten her.) But there are other earthworks near by, including Stonehenge, where they will camp out all night at lambing time. Not that one. It is, or was until lately, mana of high potency and, at the same time, strictly taboo. The writer of this essay discovered it when young; and it is no exaggeration to say that a great part of her imaginative life was elicited by it and rests there. Archaeology had begun to interest me, but I knew none of its stories then. It entered into me, "accepted" me. That was all at first; but through the years, what was begun there has continued; where one grew decades of imaginative life in an hour. Returning from there once, I fell into an abnormal sleep, caused probably by the may in full bloom with which my room was filled. I found myself there again, but in mid-winter. It is difficult to find words to describe what I saw. I can only speak of part of it as a seeing of what was really there, the true nature of the place. Hanging above the grove that crowns the earthworks was a face. Fifteen years later I met the owner of the face; or rather the translation of its unthinkable loveliness into flesh and blood. We stared and immediately recognised each other. And with that began another sequence.

This story is as true as I can make it, but a personal digression, and so not very satisfactory. (Though it is

hard to say why in this respect alone personal experience should be suspect.) It is an attempt to explain what is meant by the experience, so often used by writers on the supernatural, that a place can be more than its assembly of wood and leaf and stone visible to us; more than the atomic structure common to all things. Ossandovsky writes of a barrow in Asiatic Russia, one of the tumuli which mark the road of Genghis Khan, which the peasants do not like. He saw it, once a round grass mound, and once as whirling grey mist. Apparently his camera saw it also. Sometimes he could photograph it, sometimes he could not. His evidence is called suspect, but a big-game hunter and mining engineer is not usually over-fanciful. To quote again one's own experience: there is a part of Lincoln's Inn which does not always "stay put." Also Great Russell Street. But that, whatever it is, is something projected *out* of the British Museum. Mr. Metcalf's story, "The Bad Lands," makes the most of this. A man, a confessed neurotic, takes a walk each day in a countryside most perfectly described. Each day the walk gets worse; until one day he goes to the house that is not there, to burn it; because of the downstairs room he has looked in at, bare but for the table and the infernal spinning-wheel. He is arrested for arson and the attempted destruction of a barn. The spoke of the wheel, he had put into his pocket for evidence, is the handle of the patent separator, marked with the angry farmer's name.

(To be continued)

"BLURBS" AND POPULAR NOVELS

"Julie Blair leads men on and then withdraws. They call her the girl with the rakish halo. Two men are in love with her—Maurice Chandor, a suave man about town, and Bill Gregory, sincere and unselfish. Carried away by a strong physical attraction, she married Maurice, but it is Bill who finally sets the rakish halo straight."

I quote from the "blurb" of a popular American novel. An English publisher, it is true, would not be quite so bald. Yet here we have in a nutshell, as it were, the ingredients of a hundred thousand novels published yearly in England and America. Such novels do not have to wait very long before they are turned into "talkies," and everyone concerned makes a nice little fortune. But the publisher of this particular book not only gives it to us in a nutshell, thus admirably fulfilling the purpose of a "blurb"—he obligingly adds a note about its appeal. "Julie's conventional attitude," we are told, "should please conventional readers, yet the unconventional reader will like the way the romance is handled. Business women will like the book because it is the romance of a business girl; married women because of its slant on husbands and the Other Man." So everything is made quite clear, and when we buy the book we know what we are getting. It is to be regretted that English publishers are not so explicit about their wares. There are no pretensions to literature here: the book is shown quite frankly for what it is: a popular sedative made from certain ingredients like a sweetmeat. It will be read by "the business woman" as she is carried to the office in bus, tube and tram; it will be propped up beside her plate in boarding house and tea shop; it will fill in the intervals while she is not taking down letters from the boss; and the married woman will read it during a pause in her domestic duties. It will in short help to mould their outlook until they begin to wish that they had rakish halos too. Then finally they will see and hear their heroine at the "talkies," leading men on and then withdrawing, in the person of Garbo or Norma Shearer. And they will want to do likewise.

There can be no doubt that this is the kind of book with the largest sale; it is "good business" for both author and publisher, and the publisher is above all a business man. Therefore he will naturally publish books

By Philip Henderson

that he thinks are going to sell. He is not, as impecunious authors are frequently assured, a philanthropist. And yet on the other hand there are publishers who are not in quite the same position as the confectioner or the tobacconist or other purveyors of popular sedatives. Such publishers will tell you that they have "the Name of their House" to consider. Unfortunately however considering the Name of their House usually means bringing out one or two books of literary value every season that will, by their very nature, entail financial loss. The largest public consists of the business woman and the suave man-about-town, and they—as we hear only too often—being plain men and women, men in the street, etc., have no time for highbrow stuff: they like a good straightforward tale about ordinary people with no frills and fancies.

Yet paradoxically enough, when one comes to read one of the books they like, one finds it to consist almost entirely of frills and fancies. They are not interested in a good story. Conrad bores them simply because he is stark and essential and masculine in his vision of life. But reading these other books one soon sees that what the plain man really likes is a great deal of space devoted to all the little inessentials of life to which his habits of laziness, snobbery, sensuality and greed have endeared him. He is very class-conscious and money-conscious; he likes the distinction drawn between what is done and what is simply not done by the best people; he likes scenes laid in expensive hotels (the more expensive the better); he likes detailed descriptions of what the characters eat and what they wear. When all these things are hung on the peg of a story similar to one outlined with such admirable frankness by the American "blurb"; when the writing is slickly sophisticated, "brilliant" or "scintillating" with shallow cynicism, then you have the perfect popular novel and the business woman and the suave man-about-town will feel they are in touch with something truly modern. And indeed so they are. Such books are a perfect mirror of popular contemporary psychology, and no doubt our age will be remembered by them and future literary critics will cite them as true pictures of life as it was lived in the earlier years of the twentieth century.

Need I say much about that other kind of novel,

that rattling good story so popular with male readers, whose "blurb" tells us that: "A hamper containing the corpse of a well known financier is delivered at the home of an important newspaper publisher. Travers, a wealthy young man-about-town . . . etc. A book that will appeal to all mystery fans." Or that peculiarly American thriller dealing with "gun-running and political plotting in which the chief characters are a party of New Yorkers yachting in the tropics and a trio of hard-bitten adventurers, leaders of a gang of specialists in modern murder. The heroine is a young New Yorker, vivid, fresh, whose nerves crave an incessant hailstorm of sensation." This kind of book appeals "because it deals with the sort of people and events the reader sees head-lined daily in his newspaper." It is, the "blurb" adds, "a very modern narrative of fighting planes, machine guns, cut-throats graduated from Chicago's best gangster circles, New Yorkers fed up with speakeasy life, soldiers of fortune who stop at nothing," and altogether "a heart-warming romance." Such a book will provide material for another aspect of the history of civilisation during the early twentieth century.

But here again the English publisher is not quite so bare-faced in his bloodthirstiness, and English specialists in modern murder have their air of decorum lacking to their more truly Elizabethan American cousins. No, the picaresque novel in England is altogether a much tamer affair. It deals with people who are always hearty and jolly no matter what happens. Instead of yachting in the tropics with fighting planes and machine guns, they wander about Yorkshire and the quieter English provinces doing all kinds of amusing things and getting into funny scrapes. Indeed they are such jolly people that whatever they do makes a rattling good story. Sometimes, even, our modern "sagas"—as the publisher describes them—give us people that, being pursued by a family fate, have grown

a little "queer." Heads of aristocratic houses (one must have aristocratic houses) marry gipsy girls, and the country and the family seat, and so on, are all so beautifully described. These novels often have an historical backcloth, and one watches the author, like a stage-hand, setting his scene before our eyes. The characters appear in period costumes, and the author is at great pains to wedge in his carefully collected historical data. There are times even when the public is willing to be bored as long as it has the compensating feeling that what it is reading is fine writing and in "the great tradition of the English novel." Then it will even read a novel dealing with such an unpromising subject as mystical individualism, if the fanfare of newspaper trumpets heralding the appearance of the book is sufficiently loud and prolonged.

The aim of popular novelists is of course success—monetary success, for although Edgar Wallace confessed at one time to taking a great deal of care with his prose—rather as M. Jourdain did perhaps—there can be no question of an æsthetic aim. But unfortunately success is no criterion of happiness. That very novelist who describes with such gusto the elaborate meals eaten by his characters, though he grow into another Rockefeller by his books, may be condemned through dyspepsia to live on bread and milk.

Moreover the successful popular author must turn himself into a kind of performing dog; he must do his trick over and over again, and at last he ceases to be himself and becomes the image of himself that he has built up in the public eye. His life itself becomes a popular fiction, until, like Sisyphus, he struggles vainly with a declining reputation. It is often misery such as this that lies concealed behind the jubilant "blurb" to the effect that "the author repeats in the pages that follow the triumph achieved by . . . His book needs no further recommendation to the greater reading public."

DELINEAVIT ET SCULPSIT

A note on the signatures of artists and engravers

By H. T. Kirby

Up to about the seventies of last century, book illustration usually involved twin effort. After the artist had committed his design to paper (or more rarely had drawn it directly on the wood) the engraver took the matter in hand. This craftsman, by more or less faithful facsimile work, translated the picture to the wood-block. Thence



Head-piece to "Moroso."
From "Puckle's Club" (1817 Edn.).

The mark of John Thurston appears on left arm of chair (facing reader) and that of John Thompson, the engraver, on the opposite arm. Thurston's mark is very rare.

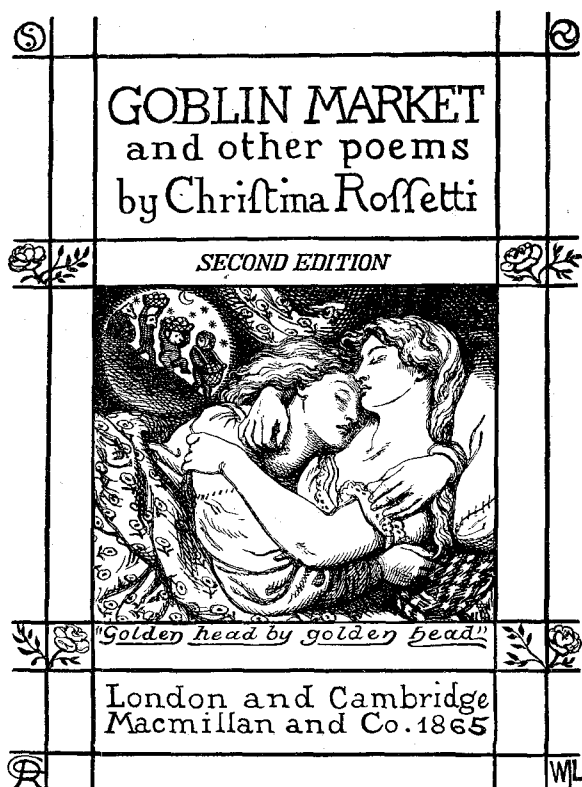
followed the printing, and the dual work of artist and engraver appeared in due course to embellish the pages of the published book. Naturally there were exceptions to this sequence. Giants like Bewick and Blake, for instance, not only evolved their designs (and indeed evolved these differently, for whilst Bewick trusted his country-bred

eye, Blake drew almost solely on his mystic imaginings) but engraved them also. So far are giants removed from ordinary men that both Bewick and Blake bent the material to their desires, for whilst Bewick adopted new methods in wood-engraving, Blake used metal plates in strange and unfamiliar ways. Undoubtedly the method by which the product was the work of one hand and brain was the ideal one, for engraving the work of another man was never completely successful. Human sympathy and understanding could rarely be close enough to ensure that the finished engraving completely fulfilled the artist's desires.

This combination of effort was usually marked by double signatures (or initials) on the picture. Generally the artist's name was inscribed in the left-hand bottom corner, whilst that of the engraver appeared in the opposite right-hand position. Following the artist's name often appeared the word "del." (or some equivalent), whilst the engraver's signature would be followed by the word "engr." or "sculp." These symbols sufficiently explain the division of labour involved.



A ribbing of the punning rebus of John Leech.



"Goblin Market."
(2nd Edn., 1865.)

Title page, showing signatures of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and W. J. Linton as artist and engraver respectively.

Much interest frequently attaches to the signing of illustrations, and some slight observations concerning them may not be without appeal to the bookman. Thomas Bewick, it is curious to note, did not sign much of his later work, though signatures in his early books ("Quadrupeds" etc.) are frequent. Such work is signed either "Thomas Bewick" or "T. B.," but when the initials only are used the letters are generally joined, and the serif of the "B" is extended to the left to make the "T" obvious. By far the most unusual signature of Bewick, however, is that in which the print of his thumb is added to the name. The most perfect specimen of this signing is prefixed to certain copies of "Æsop's Fables" of 1818, where it is included in a short form of receipt. It appears impressed between the words "Thomas Bewick" and "His Mark," and is so excellently engraved that the ridges of the cuticle appear plainly enough to satisfy even a Scotland Yard expert.

John Thurston, a contemporary of Bewick's, enjoyed much popularity as a book illustrator. Strangely enough he did not often sign his work, and when his name is omitted from title page or preliminary matter, it has been found somewhat difficult to place his efforts. In "Puckle's Club" (1817 and later), to take an example, there is only one signature throughout the book. In the wood-cut heading to "Moroso," close scrutiny reveals a single "T" on the left arm of the chair (facing the reader). This is Thurston's mark. On the opposite arm can be seen the familiar monogram of John Thompson, who engraved much of Thurston's work. Even in such an important work as the "Whittingham" "Vicar of Wakefield" (1815), none of the thirty-two tiny cuts are signed by the artist. For this reason the designs have been ascribed to Samuel Williams (a singularly puzzling choice, since the work bears little resemblance to any known engravings of this artist), but recent investigations at the British Museum brought to light a title page in which the illustrations were plainly acknowledged as being Thurston's.

Thompson, the engraver just mentioned, was a most indefatigable worker, and his hand retained such steadiness that, whilst he was producing excellent work in 1815 (and indeed earlier), his powers show no falling-off in 1843. Occasionally Thompson records his name in full, but his

normal sign is a monogram, in which the "J" runs through the "T," with an effect like that of a faintly drawn cross. Typical examples can be seen in the "Mulready" "Vicar of Wakefield" (1843) and many other works.

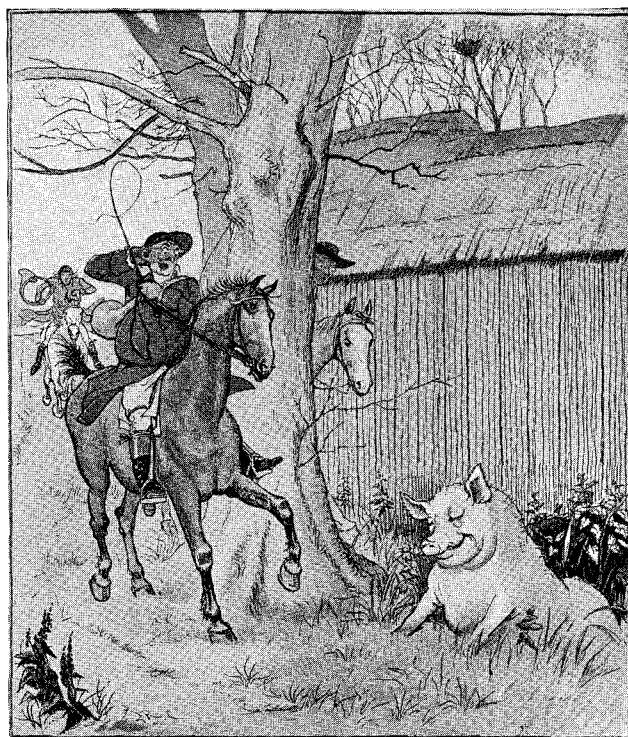
F. J. Shields must be known to many Londoners—not so much by book-illustration perhaps as by his work in the Chapel of the Ascension, Bayswater Road, where the whole interior wall surface is covered by his paintings of sacred subjects. Shields however was a book illustrator of great merit, as an examination of his designs for Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year" and Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress" will speedily confirm. Shields tried many signatures and several varieties of monogram. Often he seems to have toyed with the idea of a rebus, for in the "Pilgrim's Progress" illustrations he occasionally uses a "shield" on which the latter "S" is emblazoned. Shields had many engravers—including practically all the craftsmen of the wonderful "sixties" school—but his favourites seem to have been Swain, Thomas and Orrin Smith.

Richard Doyle was a versatile illustrator, and could turn from fairy books to adult fare without any loss of artistic prestige. His signature rarely varied, and was composed of the initials "R. D.," joined together with the "R" reversed. Later, when his name became so familiar, he was in the habit of occasionally adding a tiny bird to his initials. This seemed to suggest that he found the friendly appellation of "Dicky" Doyle no unpleasing one. An excellent example of this rebus can be seen on the weekly cover of *Punch* which, as everyone knows, was of Doyle's designing. Linton engraved much of Doyle's work, and was associated with him in Hughes's "The Scouring of the White Horse" and other books of the period.

J. W. Linton, besides being an engraver, was an author



From "Don Quixote."
Note signature in right-hand bottom corner.



"Three Jovial Huntsmen."
(By Randolph Caldecott.)

The signature may be seen on path, near left-hand bottom corner.

(his well-known "Masters of Wood Engraving" remains a standard work), poet and politician. His name is generally to be found in small roman letters, but this is occasionally subject to slight variation. An unusual example can be traced in Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market," where it appears on the title page, opposite the monogram of Christina's brother, Dante Gabriel, who designed the title page and frontispiece to the book.

John Leech was a singularly lovable man but, like so many humorists, he did not enjoy robust health. Many differences can be traced in his signatures—several variants often appearing between the pages of a single book—but often, added to his signature or initials, can be detected a leech wriggling in a bottle. This punning rebus, which Leech adopted early in his career, was on its introduction the cause of a temporary estrangement between the artist and his colleague Mulready. Examples of this uneasy vampire can be found in Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and many other contemporary publications. Swain was Leech's favourite engraver, and must have engraved some hundreds of the latter's *Punch* drawings.

George Cruikshank, being primarily an etcher, usually signs in solitary splendour, and the full superscription reads: "Designed and etched by G. Cruikshank." On woodcuts a more modest "G. C." can often be seen. Cruikshank's output is too prodigious for isolated examples to be quoted.

Randolph Caldecott, so far as can be ascertained, never varied his signing, which was always by the initials "R. C." Most intriguing however is the way Caldecott disposes of these familiar letters, and the inimitable "Picture Books" furnish many examples. On the cover to the "John Gilpin" Picture Book, the dog racing after the runaway

wears a collar bearing "R. C." on it, whilst in a further picture to the same verses—in the sketch showing John unwillingly passing the "Bell"—the letters are transferred to the inn's signboard, and appear just below the "Bell" itself. In the "Farmer's Boy" the very sheep are branded with "R. C." The "Mad Dog" shows them as scratched on a pump, and cut upon the stocks of Islington. Much of Caldecott's work was engraved by Cooper, but the "Picture Books" were wholly reproduced by Edmund Evans. Some odd work however was undertaken by an American craftsman named Davis. In Blackburn's "Life" there is a most amusing sketch of Davis, who is shown "as he should be" (busy with his work) and "as I expect he is" (lying happily snoozing). In the second sketch the unworked block is lying near the engraver, whilst the pictures to be engraved—by Kate Greenaway and Caldecott—hang unheeded upon the walls.

Walter Crane uses the very decorative rebus of a "crane" entwined with his initials "W. C." It remains one of the most pleasing devices used by any artist. Examples are exceedingly numerous, for Crane hardly ever employed any other signature, but excellent specimens can be seen in Judge Parry's delightful abridgment of "Don Quixote."

Within the limits of a short article it has only been possible to mention but a few of the more interesting signatures. Further, no living artists have been mentioned. This omission is quite intentional, however, since the reproduction of illustration to-day is mainly mechanical, and the engraver is virtually dead. At least the only engraving carried out is done by the artist concerned—as in the modern woodcut school—whilst the almost solitary exponent of line engraving on metal is Mr. Stephen Gooden.

Literature and the Cities—II

NEWCASTLE

By David Arkell

Newcastle does not, in the way of Manchester, persuade its best men to eat opium. Tynesiders are rather fond of good local ale. The fumes from these intoxicating symbols may not quite obscure their meaning. Escape is less urgent; Newcastle is more habitable than most industrial cities.

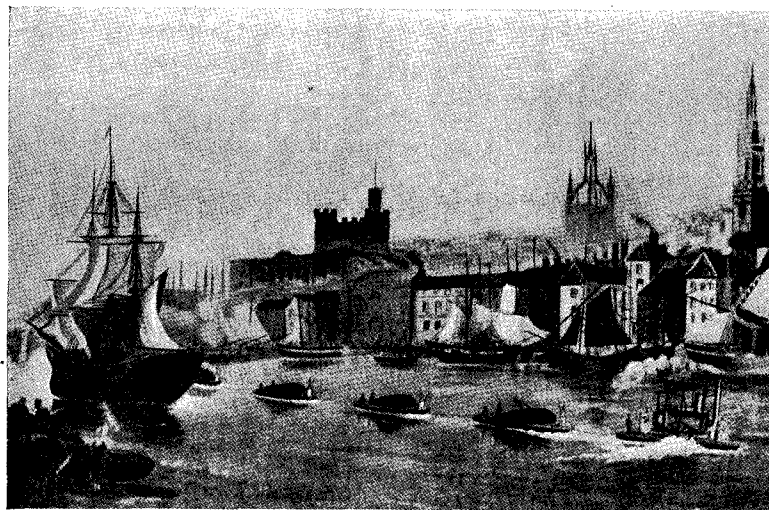
An advantage is that the sombre adjective "industrial" can at a pinch be discarded, for Tyneside Trading was promoted long before Mr. Toynbee's Industrial Revolution (Ltd.). Newcastle was a port "doing well" before the latter gentleman was even anticipated. So let us perform an appropriate gesture. Mr. Toynbee sinks down abashed amongst his girders and—behold! Canny Newcassel of the fifteenth century; but how long will the spell last.

Only so long as it has inspiration to offer can this view of the past be kept quite free from the haze of "atmosphere" and sentimental miasmata out of which must emerge sooner or later the locomotives. No trace of these yet however. The Northumbrian air is cold and clear, with a strong wind blowing.

God speaks:

"Fre was this world that I have wrought;
No marvel it is if I it destroy;
Their folk on earth I made of nought;
Now they are fully grownen my foe.

"Vengeance now will I do
Of them that have grieved me ill;
Great floods shall over them go
And run over hoothe and hill.



Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1822.

"All mankind dead shall
be
With storms both
stiff and steer;
All but Noah, my
darling free,
His children and
their wives dere."

Noah begins to build
the Ark:

"This labour is full great
For like an old man
as me;
Lo, Lo, how fast I
sweat,
It trickles atour myn
ee."

Yet great age is not
his only affliction. The
shipwrights, whose play
it is, take great delight
in showing how in-
expert is poor Noah;

who fully admits it (a little ironically one would say):

"For I was never, since on life,
Of kind of craft to burthen a boat;
For I have neither ruff nor ryff,
Spyer, sprund, sprout, no sprot.
Christ be the shaper of this ship,
For a ship need must I make."

"Noah's Ark" was written in 1426 and revived quite recently at the Royal Grammar School. On the occasion of this production, an interesting note appeared in the programme: "During the Middle Ages it was the custom for the various Trade Guilds of Newcastle to celebrate Corpus Christi by acting plays. These plays were stories

from the Bible so that, at a time when few could read, they not only entertained but instructed the audience. The stage was a wagon which could be taken from place to place; since there were at least a dozen Trade Guilds, you might, by waiting at one place—on the quayside for instance—see one play after another; for no sooner had the Bakers finished their play and moved on to another pitch, than along came the Carpenters or the Shipwrights to take their place."

The admirable custom died out at the Reformation, and all the plays are lost except "Noah's Ark." This is all that the distant past has to offer. The spell is broken and the mists gather; already the locomotives are upon us.

Yet even the nineteenth century brings a surprise. Driving this fantastic train sits one of those female allegories with flowing draperies whom our fathers unaccountably loved so well. And this one has something up her sleeve—to the southerner no doubt a skimpy rabbit (hardly a trick at all), for she brings dialect songs in profusion to Newcastle.

A stranger uninitiated might think Tynesiders stupidly proud of their language. At first they would appear to cultivate it in the intense and die-hard spirit of folk-dancers, but this is happily superficial, for the speech is not yet dead. Journalists call it unique, and for once they are right, since it actually is different from the other twenty-three Northumbrian dialects! This "old baby tongue of our gracious English" has strong vowels which offer relief to those who tire of alphabets beginning with "B.B.C."

The songs—those that are best—are unquotable for obvious reasons. Not that the vowel sounds could not be laboriously spelt out, but the Northumbrian burr (which means so much in "Blaydon Races," "The Lambton Worm," "The Keel Row," "Hawks's Men at the Battle of Waterloo"), could only rouse a more or less genuine Tynesider.

Those songs do often show influence, much or little, of the Border with its associations of ballad. It is true that the poets wrote as if they rather hoped their lines would be sung, but nothing of the sentimentality of pseudo-ballad creeps into songs or poems. They aim at humour—some of them reach it.

Certainly there was a good outcrop of verse to describe the appropriate celebrations in Newcastle of George IV's coronation. Fountains ran wine, and those who recall New Year "rejoicings" in the Cathedral Square can imagine the scene. A drab football crowd, set on fire by cheap spirits, somehow is not the formula for gaiety.

Tyneside fun at its best finds expression in the songs (an example is the apparent understatement through the use of mediæval forms in "Lambton Worm"—which disguises a dragon), but it is still authentic much later in Joe Wilson's famous "Geordie" poems (as "Geordie had the bairn," with its abject refrain, "I wish yor muthor wad cum"). The humour does not change apparently, and is as alive to-day as is the speech. The Tynesider who says "It's a mazor"—speaking of "Too true to be good"—probably echoes an ancient dictum on "Noah's Ark." This shameless regionalism even extends to an interest in local legends. It was perhaps no accident that the first

writer to attempt a systematic record and analysis of folklore was a Novocastrian. In his "Antiquitates Vulgares" (later enlarged by John Brand), with its pompous eighteenth century dedication to the Mayor and Corporation, Encouragers of Merit, Henry Bourne drew his instances from local sources. Leaving this model citizen who dedicated his books to Aldermen, it is a far fling to that long list of celebrities who were born, lived or died here, but who might as well have performed those inevitable functions elsewhere.

Is it improper to place the Venerable Bede, first scholar, theologian, historian and writer in this category. He seems very remote from all that "Tyneside" means, while his old Jarrow has become the nearest approach to an industrial hell in these parts.

For a time Duns Scotus lived in Newcastle; but of him one reads: "Scotia me genuit, Anglia me suscepit, Gallia me docuit, Colonia me tenet"—a true cosmopolitan.

Those more systematic travellers who "do" countries have always been impressed by the city. John Leland, Itinerant, demonstrated that a "best in the world" mentality need be neither modern nor American: "The strength and magnificence of the walls of

this town surpasseth all the walls of the cities of England and most of the towns of Europa." "Yes," said Daniel Defoe, "and they build ships here to perfection, I mean as to strength and firmness and to bear the sea."

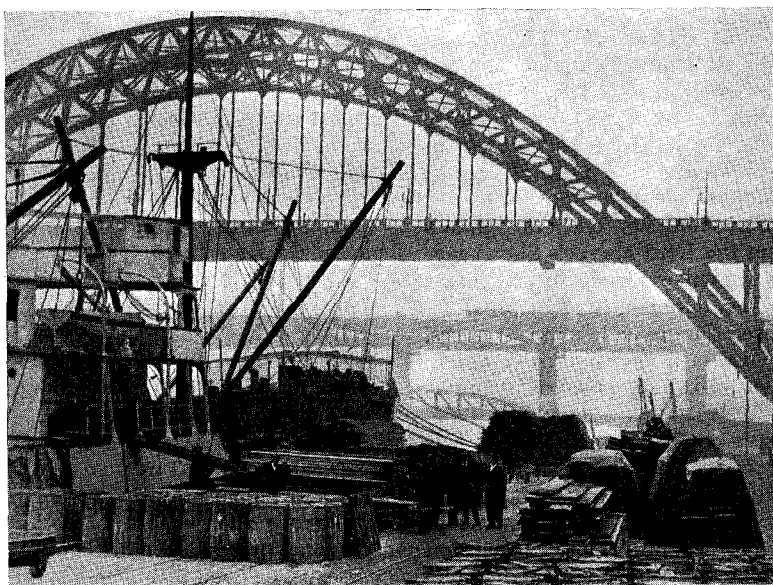
How different Mark Akenside's eulogy might have been—yet nothing of the kind forthcame. That "sort of frozen Keats" was born and gave indications of talent (a discreet phrase) while at Newcastle. His father was, incredibly, a butcher; and Akenside a cripple. Since these two facts are thought to be connected, Akenside felt no sweet bond to his Newcastle. In fact he would not own to it at all, but the Corporation (blessed body!), to remedy this lack of feeling, allots him one of the less important streets.

With civic relief one turns to a more grateful citizen, of the kind which is allowed centenaries. John Horsley, educated at the Royal Grammar School, has been compared to Gibbon (by R. G. Collingwood) in his influence on Roman studies.

Arrived then by some chronological adventures at the nineteenth century once more, a century of so great an importance to Newcastle, one notes that the application of steam engine to locomotion remained unsung. It has since however been fully commemorated in marble.

More remarkable is it that the construction of spaciouly planned streets over the deep burns running down to the river did not attract the poets as it did painters. While on the one hand, through architecture, Newcastle was acquiring a dignity which to-day betrays itself by a not unpleasant "county air" (and which has made the phrase "Newcastle-on-Tyne," embossed on a restaurant menu, stand for something quite other than its river associations, and no less characteristic), in literature there existed a mere handful of "escapists," bad historical novelists and the dismal-like (R. H. Forster, Howard Pease and on one occasion Sir Walter Besant being the most prominent), always excepting the song-writers.

After the escapists come a few scattered figures whose



Quayside and Tyne Bridge (1928).

Newcastle Chronicle photo.

main business it was not to escape—the journalists. Sir Owen Seaman was a teacher at Armstrong College (a year or two ago Michael Roberts, editor of the anthology, "New Signatures," taught at the Grammar School). W. T. Stead was born at Howdon, and J. L. Garvin began his career (it is said) by writing voluminous letters to the local press.

To-day Newcastle takes a pride in W. W. Gibson, although he was born at Hexham, farther up the river (where it might be christened "silver"—in any comparison with the famous "coaly" Tyne). This too well known connoisseur in picturesque place-names occasionally, in his Northumbrian poems, looks past the sign-post.

When he writes :

"Out of the darkness suddenly
The crane's long arm swung over me
Among the stars high overhead . . ."

the lines are notable as representing one of the few attempts to "write up" the modern Newcastle. And yet in blunt words (as blunt as the bows of a collier) there is plenty of material on Tyneside. "Swan, Hunter's" can give to the world of literature as well as to that of marine engineering.

Following this faint blare of trumpets, one must (like a business man returning from the Lord Mayor's Show) face facts. Tyneside has never shown evidence of any great literary talent; but an anxious inquirer, dealing hopefully in possibilities, may be excused a more or less arrant guess. The Tynesiders, then, do possess a peculiar skill which, up till now, they have applied as readily to architecture as to armaments.

Liners and locomotives have not had a monopoly of this skill. Two of the most photographed and least observed "sights" in town afford sufficient contrast. The Cathedral of St. Nicholas, patron saint of fishermen, is no less exceptional in its construction than the new Tyne Suspension Bridge, its lantern tower being built over two high intersecting rainbow arches. This gift for invention so characteristic of the Tynesider is still to be cajoled into books.

Perhaps after all there is no legitimate hope. Most recent news announces that a local film society is to "discover" the Surtees House. It is comparatively

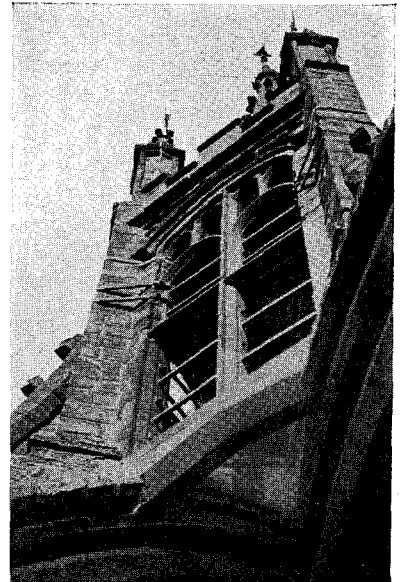
easy to imagine a Tyneside *cinéaste*, attracted by the innumerable technical possibilities of the film to-day, but to think of an original Tyneside writer is positively difficult.

This Surtees House is a four-storied, half-timbered Elizabethan building with long strip windows, the latter curiously suggestive of some modern architecture. It is in a state of almost perfect preservation, painted white, and stands near the quayside, reminding always of the time when the rich

lived by the river and not in residential suburbs. Some yards away, but on higher ground, is the fine late eighteenth century church of All Saints', shaped like an ellipse. A mere glance at these two buildings suggests irresistibly that Newcastle, as well as possessing a vigorous modern life, is not lacking in tradition.

To-day the winds (which are always with us) circle deserted quaysides, and there is no less of a crisis in literature. Yet even in idleness a great port is impressive, and Tyneside has all the phenomena, not even without an Arab quarter at South Shields.

"Swan, Hunter's," the lesser shipyards, the coal staiths and docks and cranes all have something to give; in striking an attitude of belief in the future of Tyneside literature, one hopes (frankly one does not expect) to be *about reet*.



Lantern Tower of the Cathedral
(c. 1430).

In the bottom right hand corner can be seen the point of intersection of the arches.
Newcastle Chronicle photo.

The Bookman Gallery

T. F. POWYS

By Cecil G. Hutchinson

(concluded)

The term "realism" has often been invoked to describe Mr. Powys's method. If we are to attach any plain meaning to the word,* surely it is to Hardy's novels that we turn for realistic transcripts of Dorsetshire life? That life is not an end in itself for T. F. Powys, but the material with which—in a novel sense—

"create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality!"

He elaborates designs which are not of this world, and which yet touch it nearly. In Hardy the art is of this world, and consists very largely of the descriptive elements in the novels; the underlying "philosophy" † (of pessimism) too, is of rationalist birth, and is sufficiently close to Huxley to end in a mere question mark. That of T. F. Powys has its own metaphysical sanctions, for an understanding of which an intelligent reading of "Soliloquies of a Hermit" is essential (it should be parallel, if possible, with a reading of the novels).‡

* But it is no longer, if indeed it ever was possible. It has been banded by philosophers and literary critics alike—but with disarming independence.

† Hardy several times warned his readers that they would be baffled in the attempt to synthesise a consistent scheme as his "philosophy": "I repeat what I have often stated on such occasions, that no harmonious philosophy is attempted in these pages—or in any bygone pages of mine, for that matter."—"Winter Words" (1930).

‡ The first edition (1918) was written before the novels, but it is an invaluable commentary on much in them.

Mention has been made of the use to which Christian story is put in the texture of Mr. Powys's novels—a use which must appear both "objectionable" and "unintelligible" to Mr. T. S. Eliot, if I read aright some remarks in his review of Mr. Middleton Murry's "Son of Woman."* He gives one reason why "Lawrence seems modern, and what I mean by 'ignorant,'" and continues:

"I may make this clearer by instancing a peculiarity which to me is both objectionable and unintelligible. It is using the terminology of Christian faith to set forth some philosophy or religion which is fundamentally non-Christian or anti-Christian. . . . The variety of costumes into which . . . talented artists have huddled the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in their various charades, is curious and to me offensive . . . in the form of Unitarianism in which I was instructed . . . the Son and the Holy Ghost were not believed in, certainly; but they were entitled to respect as entities in which many other people believed, and they were not to be employed as convenient phrases to embody any cloudy private religion. I mention this autobiographical detail simply to indicate that it is possible for unbelievers as well as believers to consider this sort of loose talk to be, at the best, in bad taste. The Holy Ghost does not figure in Mr. Murry's index of fictitious personages at the end of the book, but that is surely an oversight."

Mr. Powys's "cloudy private religion" certainly involves a complete reversal of the references common in Christian story, and we cannot deny that "the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in their various charades," are huddled

* *Criterion*, July, 1931.

into a "variety of costumes" almost throughout his work. We have "Wold Jar," Mr. Weston, "A Pretty Babe" and Mr. Priddle,* to name but a few from many such "costumes," and the innumerable Biblical parallels, references to the Bible, and to Bunyan and other great religionists, justify the claim that nearly every one of T. F. Powys's stories either is an "interpretation" of Christian story, or involves certain interpretations among its materials. But Mr. Eliot had in mind, besides D. H. Lawrence, writers like Aldous Huxley and Mr. Murry himself (as a novelist), whose purpose, whatever we may think of their success, is didactic. (Mr. Huxley is a cynic, though not of the order of Voltaire.) T. F. Powys cannot be called, as Mr. Eliot calls Lawrence, "a great tragic figure"; he has no axe to grind, and is quite obviously, in the first place, an *artist*.† We can no more complain about the materials of his novels than about Shakespeare's sources. I should be interested to hear Mr. Eliot's opinion of "Mr. Weston's Good Wine."

This being so, we are not surprised to find pattern a primary concern in all T. F. Powys's books from the "Interpretation of Genesis" to the latest story. In his manipulation of pattern and form are integrated an entirely personal command of the resources of allegory, and a most delicate symbolism—or rather two kinds of symbolism; one bold and conspicuous in the manner of Bunyan, the other far more subtle, and depending entirely for its effect upon contributions it exacts from the reader, according to his sensibility. To a very large extent we are free to interpret and adjust our impressions and associations as may best suit our own sense of design, and our contribution is essential to the art, implying as it does a certain measure of "universality." The nature of this technique cannot possibly be so much as adumbrated apart from its medium, but its unique effect is due to the skill with which the artist has compelled his framework to increase rather than diminish the impression of subtlety.‡

In his earlier essays such an artist will of necessity betray "the narrower concern . . . for pattern," and even "a fierce concern to exclude all but the essential in life." And as Dr. Leavis adds, "it means that in recognising the acute satisfaction we derive from form and pattern, we are aware also that there has been a price to pay for these, though it does not necessarily mean that we think the price unjustified." This is most evident in "Mr. Tasker's Gods"; we cannot believe until we read "Mr. Weston" (and some of the fables and short stories) that his technique is capable of evolving such comprehensiveness, of maintaining such extraordinarily wide and sensitive contacts. We are still as far from desiring or looking for photographic satisfactions as we might be in appreciating certain Beauvais tapestries, but we must realise with a glow of admiration that in this book there is no longer any price to pay; that indeed the progress in the artist's power to body forth our ineluctable contemporary demand for complexity has been made with materials through which formerly it was only possible to elicit responses appropriate to an art cruder in every respect, though possessing a certain charm *per se*. He has alembicated their essential virtues from these materials and their very limitations, and in the highest products of such an evolution, whether through the history of an art like tapestry, or the gradual mastery of a single artist, we are enabled to *forget* the materials and their refractory nature; "every tone and line" in such masterpieces "echoes throughout its length and breadth; the eye is for ever

* The hero of "When Thou Wast Naked" (1931): "He only knew that he had the hero's place in the play, and had been given the part of the All-father."—(page 3).

† Cf. Lawrence's complaint in the preface to "Studies in Classical American Literature": "The curious thing about art-speech is that it prevaricates so terribly; I mean it tells such lies. . . . Truly art is a sort of subterfuge." "Son of Woman" at least shows us that the materials of Lawrence's novels are of integral importance to our judgment of them.

‡ The "Left Leg" volume, "Black Bryony" and "Mark Only" should not be forgotten as illustrations; "The Key of the Field" is a perfect example from the short stories, and "The Ass and the Rabbit" from the "Fables."

travelling over the whole surface and enjoying the interaction of widely separated passages."*

This is the art of which T. F. Powys is master, an art which requires sympathies on the part of the reader before, in his turn, he can make himself master of the experience he is offered. None of the novels or stories will yield its riper fruits at one reading (least of all "Mr. Weston"); recollection and anticipation, reminiscence and foreshadowing are part and parcel of the method and essential to its virtue; the eye "returns again and finds yet more." For the purposes of criticism a kind of polarity must be attributed to "Mr. Tasker" and "Mr. Weston" among their author's works; between them they represent his essential characteristics and his personality, but one was produced at the emergence, and the other at the zenith of his powers.

Considerations of "style" would need an article to themselves. The only direct influences appear to be the Authorised Version of the Bible and Bunyan, but Mr. Powys is in every sense independent, and what he both admires and achieves is clearly

"The kind of deep note that Bunyan calls the ground of music, the bass note, that modern culture with its peculiar conceit always scoffs at . . . besides this bass note, a certain flavour of style . . . a style that in no way 'dances' in the air but 'prefers' clay as a medium."—"Mr. Tasker's Gods," page 38.

He does himself what he ironically pictures his characters as doing:

"Every wise gossip collected and told again the pages of the village novel. All the people lived in a world of fancy, and every item of news was exaggerated and made intensely human, just as fancy chose. News, dull or tame, was made interesting by the addition of a good end, or a bad beginning, or a needful middle."—"Mr. Tasker," p. 18.

We may end, as we began, with a reference to "Unclay" and "The Two Thieves." The former has the kind of interest referred to by Mr. Eliot in his "Dante":

"It would appear that 'literary appreciation' is an abstraction, and pure poetry a phantom; and that both in creation and enjoyment much always enters which is, from the point of view of 'Art,' irrelevant."

It is not a masterpiece by comparison with its predecessor—there is no significant technical advance—and is not the book with which to begin an acquaintance with T. F. Powys. It is an interpretative conclusion (or "rounding off") to the philosophy of "Mr. Weston," and those of us who knew our Powys might well have predicted its appearance; we enjoy it accordingly. By the time we have come to this novel, we understand the symbolism of the light and dark wines. The former is Lust, a kind of "practical" aspect, inseparable from our mortality, of what we strive to regard "spiritually" as Love; it is an enjoyment of the beauty of this world, of its very "texture" here and now, a satisfaction derived from the natural fulfilment of natural desires, purified of all that contaminates them in the merely partial realisations possible in our ordinary daily commerce with the world. The other is that balm which was kept by Mr. Weston in his

"deepest and most dingy cellar, upon the walls of which are green mould and cobwebs, and upon the floor toads and vipers. 'And those,' said Michael, 'who go down with you to taste that wine have no booked orders for what they buy. They pay ready cash, and owe us no more.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Weston, 'we allow no credit for that wine.'"

The balm, a greater joy for man than apotheosis, is Death, lasting and utter; Mr. Weston himself longed in vain to drink that wine. In "Unclay" it is not God, but Death Himself who is the hero.

Mr. Powys's first published fiction was a volume of three short novels; his latest, perhaps last, is another such, consisting of the three stories, "In Good Earth," "God" and "The Two Thieves."

A check List of T. F. Powys appears on page 416.

* Professor Barker Fairley: "Charles M. Doughty," page 138.

What Have They Done Since Proust?

THE FRENCH NOVEL OF TO-DAY

V—The Untranslatable Word

By
Charlotte Haldane

It is a hopeless job trying to define a word for which there is no equivalent in one's own language. It is far more difficult for example than translating slang, for which there is generally at least an analogy. "Er lügte das Blaue vom Himmel hinunter" goes quite well into "He lied like a trooper." Even puns can sometimes be rendered, because they exist in most languages. It is a poor Jew who cannot make a pun in English, French, German or American.

But at the risk of being a bore I must try to convey something of the meaning of the word "ambiance," because it is the only expression which sums up what all the best French writers have in common, even when in other respects they differ as much as Meredith differed from Dickens.

"Ambiance" is a qualitative definition.

It is applicable to a writer from the points of view of subject, form and especially style.

A murder for example is a murder. But crimes could be classified from this point of view. Merely commonplace murders would possess little ambiance. Murders such as those committed by the Düsseldorf maniac (as MacOrlan realised, are simply brimming with it. The amount of space given to a murder by a newspaper is a fairly sound criterion from this point of view.

In "L'Homme Traqué" there is little to be got out of the fact that a baker kills an old woman. The reader's emotions are involved only by the subsequent events; by the effect on the writer of such a situation, whether taken from police reports or imagined by him. In order to invest the facts with a flavour which appeals to our imaginations, his imagination must have got to work on them.

Julian Green's terrible "Leviathan" is a superb instance of slow, progressive horror in a narrow but intense setting. From start to finish it has ambiance. "Les Enfants Terribles," written in three weeks under the influence of opium, is packed with it.

But then, you will say, ambiance is atmosphere. It is not. Atmosphere is an indispensable ingredient of this quality. But there is more to it than that. In order to achieve it there must be contrast. The contrast may be violent but may not be exaggerated. It must convince. If the writer, having duly created his atmosphere, makes his point clumsily, as Hardy for example does in the hanging scene in "Jude the Obscure," if his contrasts are crude or melodramatic, they do not achieve ambiance.

This quality is certainly a "plus" one: plus a little something that some others haven't got. It is what very few English writers have got, and that is why its importance in modern French literature must be stressed. "Antic

Hay" possibly has it; "Point Counterpoint" and "Brave New World" certainly have not. An excellent example of it is Osbert Sitwell's "Before the Bombardment"; Hemingway has it in plenty.

I imagine atmosphere as a static condition created by the writer. In novels it is rather like the weather in real life. It is there; one is conscious of it, sometimes keenly so, but it does not move, although it may change.

Ambiance, which certainly implies movement, is applicable to painting as well as to literature. We use the word movement to describe a certain quality additional to atmosphere which we have learnt to expect from the best pictures.

In style this quality manifests itself most definitely. I cannot imagine it associated in a high degree with "best-sellers," although Edgar Wallace, in his early African stories and in "The Four Just Men," quite often came near to revealing it.

One of the great advantages the French novelist possesses over his English colleagues is his freedom to write short novels. He is not constrained to produce his minimal

seventy thousand words for old ladies who want a good seven-and-sixpennyworth, who buy their books for quantity rather than quality. Where the unfortunate English writer is for ever obliged to throw in an adjective or two, a chapter or two, to make weight, the Frenchman can cut and tighten and concentrate. The former makes fortunes, the latter literature. MacOrlan's study in diabolism, "Le

Nègre Leonard et Maître Jean Mullin," must be one of the shortest novels on record, but it is a novel nevertheless, and not a short story. Like a symphony, it is divided into three movements, crammed with harmony, counterpoint and rhythm.

Ambiance is not however incompatible with romanticism. On the contrary, one of the works which possesses it most definitely is the most romantic in modern French literature, a work which stands entirely by itself because its author, alas, died before he could give it a successor. I refer to "Le Grand Meaulnes," by Alain-Fournier. The only writer with whom I can compare Alain-Fournier is Hans Andersen; the only story in the same class as "Le Grand Meaulnes" is the "Snow-Queen."

I have just realised that I can, after all, explain to you perfectly the quality of this untranslatable word. While I have been fumbling around for definitions, trying to recall novels to refer to by way of illustration, one name was gradually forcing its way to the forefront of my mind. That name was Emily Brontë.

I doubt whether there is in all literature a novel which possesses more completely the quality of ambiance than "Wuthering Heights."

Previous Articles in this series:

1. THE GENIUS OF JULES ROMAIN.
2. JEAN GIRAUDOUX.
3. PIERRE MACORLAN.
4. FRANCIS CARCO.

THE LOVELY LADY. By D. H. Lawrence. 7s. 6d. (Secker.)

The first six stories in this volume tone together in the reader's retrospect. The last two remain somewhat isolated, possibly because they are more intense, though what they convey is rather a mood of deep, musing half-fantasy. But all the time, in all the stories, one is aware of a strength of impulse which was peculiar to this writer among his contemporaries and at the same time a link between him and the great English writers of the past.

Or perhaps the real split is the change over from presentation of people whom one feels one might meet in Arnold Bennett to a kind of characterisation that may alienate many readers; for why should a normal girl break into a chant, or the thoughts of a woman sitting talking in a room embody themselves in rhythms like the psalms? They do, however, in the richly beautiful tale, "The Overtone,"

and the success of the method should not be doubted for a moment. This is one of the finest stories in the language. "The Man who Loved Islands" is haunting in another way; the first six stories are brisk, humorous, and immune from the pretentious or false; and satisfying as so little writing is satisfying at the present day. When will prose of this quality be written again? ARTHUR BALL.

THE HISTORY OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS OF ROME. By Sir T. Cato Worsfold, Bart. 10s. 6d. (Rider.)

The author has collected in this book a considerable amount of information on all aspects of the famous and little known order of ancient Rome, from the time when the Vestals were founded in 715 B.C. to their final extinction under Theodosius in A.D. 394. The book is well and fully illustrated,

The Bookshelf

OLD DIARIES

Woodforde Papers and Diaries.

Edited, with an Introduction, by Dorothy Heighes Woodforde. 10s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

The Woodforde family is already very pleasantly known to readers by the "Diary of a Country Parson." But it now appears that the author of those delectable jottings was only following a family habit in keeping a journal. The earliest to do so was one Robert Woodforde (1606-54); quite how many of those who followed after did the like is uncertain because, by a deplorable error in 1902, when Alexander Woodforde, a great collector of family documents and legends, died, some of his collection was sold by mistake as waste-paper. The editor of the present volume, Miss Dorothy Woodforde, begins with the diary kept during the years 1684-90 by Mary, wife of the Rev. Samuel Woodforde. There is perhaps not much for the connoisseur in her brief and pious entries, but it is impossible not to like a woman who, when her maid marries, writes in her private journal her earnest hope that God will help the couple to live in love all their days. The most curious and exciting matter has to do with Samuel

Woodforde's great-granddaughter Nancy, who kept house for that uncle of hers who is already known to us as the Country Parson. Nancy's niece, Julia, had the one great romantic adventure in the annals of the family. When a young girl she persuaded her father to allow her to accompany him, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant, on a visit to the Trappist monastery at Lulworth, where no woman was allowed to enter. While there she was attracted by the good looks of one of the young monks, one James Power. She met the young monk again, apparently by chance, this time when wandering on the seashore. He confided to her his hatred of the life in the monastery, and his longing to escape and turn Protestant. Colonel Woodforde consented to assist the young man to escape by sea, disguised as a sailor. Julia and the ex-monk evidently fall in love with each other, but the girl's father would not sanction any engagement. He used what influence he had to secure the young man a post so that he might earn a livelihood, and the fact that he sought to find him a post in one of the colonies looks as though he preferred to keep him away from his family. It was Zachary

Macaulay (Macaulay's father) who gave him a job in Sierra Leone. Power's letters to the Woodforde family give vivid accounts of his adventurous journey out, and of his life in the fever-ridden colony. Julia's entries in her diary at this period are short and pathetic:

"February 16.—My Dear Friend has been gone from England 1 Year and five Months. I pray God that he is well and going on prosperously.

"March 17.—Mama and I dined at Mrs. Jean's. My Dearest Friend has been absent from England a Year and a Half. I pray God he is well and happy."

Having been dangerously ill with fever, he was advised to return to England. His "Diary of Voyage on the *Brig Success*" gives a detailed account of his stock of food for his personal use on the voyage: "3 Sheep, 3 Goats, 2 Pigs, 6 dozen of fowl and 2 dozen of Muscovy Ducks..." Julia's father does not appear to have been too well pleased by the return of his protégé, and forbids any engagement between the young people, although Power says in a letter to her that he has "many lucrative situations in view and can embrace which I please." He returns to "that fatal Colony" certain

that he will never return. He again succumbs to the fever, is put on board a ship bound for England, but dies at sea.

The other diaries yield a sufficiency of such matter as will be expected—entries unconsciously throwing a sharp light on social conditions in rural England in the eighteenth century, oddities of local character, and gossip that sometimes have a queer savour after all these generations.

STRANGERS AND SOJOURNERS AT PORT ROYAL. By Ruth Clark. 18s. (Cambridge University Press.)

The objectionable practice of issuing works of academic research as if they were works in general literature has become far too common, and invites rebuke. The work under notice, though it will doubtless save some time and trouble to whoever hereafter undertakes a very comprehensive history of Port Royal, is not a book at all; it is an industrious compilation in which names crop up in the order that they occur in documents for which Miss



Ludovic Stuart D'Aubigny.

From "Strangers and Sojourners at Port Royal," by Ruth Clark (Cambridge University Press).

Ruth Clark has travelled so widely and to which she has devoted so much patience. There is no point of view; there is no illumination either of the religious life at Port Royal or in Roman Catholic circles in England. Of one man, Aubigny, we do indeed get a fuller picture than is elsewhere to be found; but Aubigny is a secondary figure of no particular interest, and the great majority of those who are here dragged from obscurity are persons who, as far as the general reader goes, might very well have been left there. No doubt the work fully satisfies the conditions of the American travelling scholarship which enabled it to be written, but it ought to have been published as a

volume in some series issued by the American fund in question, and not proffered to the general reader at all.

Some readers may feel a certain interest in learning how far certain Anglicans went in their goodwill towards Port Royal. Some may care to be shown that at one period the Irish bishops thought the Roman Catholic Church in the country much more menaced by Jansenism than by Protestantism. And the diligent reader who can endure some boredom will find that when her material gives her any sort of a chance, Miss Clark is a far from tedious writer. But what we have between these covers is materials, not a book.

T. E. W.

EVERYMAN'S GUIDE TO REVOLUTION

Trotsky's Vade-Mecum

By
Collin Brooks

The History of the Russian Revolution : Vols. II and III.

By Leon Trotsky. 18s. each. (Gollancz.)

M. Leon Trotsky is—if we may draw the comparison without offence to either—the Winston Churchill of the Russians. Shouldered by contemporaries of infinitely less ability from making history, he proceeds to write it. What the impressive volumes of "The World Crisis" were to Mr. Churchill's career and place in the perspective of posterity, so the impressive volumes of this history will be to M. Trotsky.

But, to give him his literary due, Mr. Churchill's five volumes covered a crowded lustrum or more. The three volumes of M. Trotsky tell the story of only eight months. On the other hand, M. Trotsky avoids the use of the first person singular. Faced with the compulsion of seeing the revolution which he helped to make as others will eventually see it, he became scientifically objective. We are told not what "I" did on any fateful night, but what "Trotsky did. Either mode has its advantages. In these volumes the impersonal method assists the writer to avoid the appearance of having provided the jam of a personal apologia by means of the powder (or drench, as the veterinary surgeon might call it) of general recordership.

In reviewing the first volume of this remarkable book ("The Comic Tragedians," BOOKMAN, July, 1932), I remarked, and perhaps a little lamented, the lack of romantic idealism in the Russian Revolution, and the strange lack of what the Western civilisation calls heroism in the revolvers. That impression is not altered by the two volumes which now complete Trotsky's history. What I then wrote I can, with an easy conscience, repeat: "Of all revolutions that of Russia is the most depressing to the romanticist and the idealist. The image which best reveals its quality is not that of a triumphing serf viewing a new spiritual dawn over the carcass of a conquered king. It is that of a toad treading down some festering fungus in a forest. The mobs of 1917 are not armies of heroic martyrs sacrificing all for a great vision of freedom. They are masses of Charlie Chaplins and Mack Sennetts hurling themselves, in a comic make-up, at a door that is already so rotten that they fall tumbling through it."

Let no remnant of Gladstonianism imagine that in Russia the right triumphed because the right must prevail. The Left triumphed because the Left had its hands on the machine guns. In the July days it is the emotions and the acts of the machine gunners which Trotsky sedulously chronicles. They dominated the scene. The historian can even write of them with a bland face: "The movement has been legalised by the party. The machine gunners could heave a sigh of relief. A part of the regiment immediately went to the Peter and Paul fortress to influence its garrison. . . ." That word "influence" is a triumph of understatement to anyone who has worked or faced a machine gun. It recalls the "peaceful pickets" of our own land whose influence was of a similar kind. (Indeed Trotsky has a wonderful mastery of Lewis-Carrollian prose writing. Not only does he achieve perfect results by simple

understatement, but he contrives to work wonder of quiet humour by abrupt changes from the literal to the metaphorical, as where he tells of angry proletarians who, despite the injunctions placed before them by wall cards, forget to wipe their feet because they are too busy looking up to the stars.) The story of the second volume, called "The Attempted Counter-Revolution," might be summed up in the phrase that it tells of the clash between the wise-cracks of Kerensky and the Maxims of the machine gunners. Poor Kerensky, the harassed and hunted hind, the mental captive of Kornilov and the quarry of Lenin, capers through these pages less like a transient and embarrassed phantom than a pantaloone in a harlequinade wherein hate has supplanted good-humour, and the Red poker is really hot.

But it is not the history of Trotsky, excellent as it is, which makes the main merit of these books. It is the philosophy. He describes the revolution in Russia, but he also discusses revolution in the abstract. Trotsky's irruption into the mêlée of 1917, and after, was to teach him much, and of his wisdom he now imparts a fair store. He is in fact a kind of perverted Plato to the Socrates of Lenin. In the third volume is one chapter, "The Art of Insurrection," which is the kernel of the nut. It is more than a textbook for Bolsheviks; it is a primer of all reform. It conveys the concepts and experience of one who has been wise both before and after the revolutionary event. Revolution has no place, thinks Trotsky, for witch-doctors. The revolutionary leader must have intuition and experience, but experience even when illumined by intuition is not enough. There must be "a synthetic doctrine comprehending the interactions of the chief historic forces. Here you must have a materialistic method permitting you to discover, behind the moving shadows of programme and slogan, the actual movement of social bodies." You must also have, as we have seen, command of the machine guns.

"The process of preparing a revolution consists of making the objective problems, involved in the contradictions of industry and of classes, find their way into the consciousness of living human masses, change their consciousness and create new correlations of human forces." This would appear to mean that the masses must have a sense of their wrongs driven into them by bayonets, and their consciousness of social contradiction stirred by the powerful arguments of the machine guns.

"A bitter hostility to the existing order, and a readiness to venture upon the most heroic efforts and sacrifices in order to bring the country upon an upward road—that is the new political consciousness of the revolutionary class, and constitutes the most important active premise of a revolution." "The first task of every insurrection is to bring the troops over to its side." The unique feature of the October revolution is not, thinks Trotsky, that, in the words of a modern poet, "insurrection with one accord banded itself and awoke," but that the proletarian vanguard had won over the garrison of the capital before the moment of open insurrection. In other words, it was the

force of Hiram Maxim and not that of Karl Marx which drove the masses to action.

Trotsky with a notable vividness, in which Max Eastman, his admirable translator, must have a share of the credit, portrays the change from Tsar and Rasputin to Kerensky, and from Kerensky to Lenin, halting every now and again to examine the philosophical inferences to be drawn from Russian experiences in her eight months of purgatory which have led to the heaven (or hell) of the existing regime. Was it worth the blood and slaughter, he asks? and decides that the question is as fruitless as asking if the blood and sweat of a normal life make it worth while having been born. Has the revolution achieved a kingdom of universal well-being? It has only had fifteen years for the task, whereas "capitalism in other countries took a hundred years to elevate science and technique to the heights, and plunge humanity into the hell of war and crisis." If it be asked has the revolution justified itself, Trotsky retorts with the question: Did the War justify itself? The revolution, he maintains, has at least provided all Russians with a general culture to replace the superficial culture previously confined to a small class.

One can but agree with Trotsky that fifteen years is too short a period of probation on which to form a judgment, and one can in fairness add that eight months' history from the beginning of those fifteen years is too brief a story to tell of all the implications of so vast a change in a communal organisation, for those eight months were filled with civil war. But in the years that have followed the days of which this history tells, and which Trotsky or another will some day write, the original ideas and ideals passed and the machine guns remained. The technique of capitalism has returned to Russia, and Trotsky is in ignominious exile. The kingdom of well-being towards which the Soviet State is directing itself, is precisely the industrialised kingdom-of-ill-being from which he declares the War emerged. The real question is whether the eight months of fire and slaughter were worth the endurance if the end is only to be the relics of Lenin instead of the saints' bones which the Tsarists cherished, and a land of peasants converted into a land of proletarians? An onlooker might sympathise with a revolution which shattered spiritual fulfilments for the sake of material betterment, or which caused material poverty for the sake of spiritual fulfilment. This revolution only appears to have chained Russia to an inept but menacing materialism at the cost of spiritual anæsthesia.

WORDS CONFUSED AND MISUSED. By Maurice H. Weseen, ss. net. (Pitman.)

The book we all turn to in difficulties of speech or writing is Fowler's "Modern English Usage." But for those hurried commercial persons who do not want to know the reasons for things, but what is right and what wrong, Mr. Weseen's book will prove the very thing to keep on his desk at the office. The book has been carefully edited for English use; the author knows only too well that English and American are two distinct tongues, and to read a Hearst newspaper is almost as bad for an Englishman as the extraction of a molar. So when the man of affairs is in doubt of using "comicaler," "combine together," "constrain or restrain," "flee or fly," "shelffulls or shelves full," "hail or hale," and thousands of similar difficulties that beset him in trying to write not "commercial" but standard English, this book will see him through. Then we may see the gradual extinction of "Re yours of even date," "Will you O-K this?", "They Kay-oed the proposition" and monstrosities of that sort.

DE V. P.-P.

A somewhat unusual distinction has just come the way of Mr. Gunby Hadath, the writer for young people, who has been presented with the Freedom of St. Gervais-les-Bains, in Savoy, at the foot of Mont Blanc. Mr. Hadath resides on Mont Blanc during the summer months, and his "St. Palfry's Cross," which depicts this neighbourhood, has sold largely in America and Scandinavia, and is now being translated into French by Madame de Saily.

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MEN, WOMEN AND PRISONS

Mr. Sinclair Lewis's New Novel

By
Edgar Holt

Ann Vickers.

By Sinclair Lewis. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

The appearance of "Ann Vickers" shows that Mr. Sinclair Lewis has returned to his main literary task—the task of giving a clear and vivid account of contemporary American civilisation. In "Babbitt," "Main Street," "Martin Arrowsmith" and "Elmer Gantry" he depicted



Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

a number of aspects of that civilisation, but in "Dodsworth" he seemed to have changed his manner. He was content to portray two individual Americans, instead of examining, in his usual comprehensive way, a complete segment of American life. "Dodsworth" was published in 1929, and Mr. Lewis has waited four years before following it up with another novel. In writing "Ann Vickers" he has gone back to his earlier manner, and his story achieves the double result of revealing how Ann Vickers "found herself," and giving a full survey of the life of women prisoners in the United States and the various aspects of prison reform.

It can be seen at once that "Ann Vickers" is not a novel for the idle, unthinking hour. "It is, above all, to make you *see*," said Joseph Conrad, thus defining the aim of one school of novelists. "It is, above all, to make you *think*," Mr. Lewis might retort, and his new novel should inspire some of his fellow-Americans to think more deeply about one part of their national life. But the appeal of the book is not only to his fellow-countrymen, and not only to those who are already interested in prison reform. Mr. Lewis, though undoubtedly a propagandist, is also a brilliant story-teller, who can illustrate his theories by the actions of living and loving human beings; and even those who consider that prison reform is an impossible subject for a novel will be attracted and stirred by the varying fortunes of Ann Vickers, and will thus be forced (perhaps unwillingly) to think about some of the problems with which Ann is confronted. Mr. Lewis's power as a novelist lies in his ability to provoke the reader to reflective thought.

His new novel is the story of a social reformer who tries, to the best of her ability, to "get things done." In the

opening chapters, which are the least satisfactory part of the book, we are shown the early influences which mould the character of Ann Vickers, the daughter of an Illinois school superintendent. When the introductory chapters are over and Ann has graduated at Point Royal College, the story begins to gather speed and momentum, and we follow Ann through the excitements of suffragist work and imprisonment for assaulting the police, social settlement work and an unsatisfactory love-affair, and her first appointment on the staff of a prison.

It is with her appointment as "educational director and chief clerk" at Copperhead Gap Penitentiary, which is described as one of the worst prisons in the United States, that the story enters its more vigorously propagandist phase, and the horrors of Copperhead Gap, where unhealthy conditions, solitary confinement in dark cells, overcrowding and lashing are features of the Women's Division, seem almost incredible in a civilised country. But they must be believed, for Mr. Lewis claims to have given "an entirely accurate account" of the prisons he writes of, and few are likely to question his general conclusions about the effects of such a prison as Copperhead Gap:

"It is not true that every person who came as a first offender to Copperhead Gap, with only amateurish notions of crime, learned in that university of vice about new and slicker crimes, learned the delights of drugs and of prostitution, learned that it was his duty to get even with society by being more vicious next time. Not every one. A few of them were too numbed and frightened to learn anything. But it is true that not one single person failed to go out of Copperhead Gap more sickly of body and more resentful for it, and more capable of spreading disease among the Decent Citizens who had been breeding them to their own ruin."

Ann's efforts to expose Copperhead Gap in the daily press are unsuccessful, for the editors tell her that prison conditions are "not news"; but she is able to further the cause of prison reform by becoming superintendent of the Stuyvesant Industrial Home for Women, "the most modern prison in New York," and there putting into action the theories in which she believes. And in this position she is able to recapture her emotional life, to marry a man and fall in love with another, and finally to undergo the supreme irony of waiting for her lover to be released from prison.

It is perhaps inevitable that any review of "Ann Vickers" should dwell on the sociological aspect more than on the individual characters of the story, but it should not be imagined that Mr. Lewis has allowed his enthusiasm for prison reform to overshadow his interest in human character. Ann Vickers is one of those ideal Americans whom he loves to depict—keen, eager and humanitarian, but still possessing a sense of humour and many of the frailties of ordinary men and women; and such characters as the tedious Russell Spaulding, Ann's first husband; Malvina Wormser, the brilliant woman doctor; the repellent Belle Herringdean and the overwhelming Judge Barney Dolphin are only a few of those who will take their place in Mr. Lewis's gallery of contemporary American portraits. They are drawn as Mr. Lewis sees them, and if some of the portraits are too frank for everyone's liking, he would doubtless reply that he is only concerned with giving a true picture of what he sees in the world about him.

The book is not flawless, for the opening chapters move too slowly, and say nothing which Mr. Lewis and other writers have not already said; but the conventional nature of the opening is fully atoned for by the rest of the novel. It is his skill in blending such ardent propaganda for prison reform with a series of penetrating studies of men and women that makes "Ann Vickers" one of the most important and fascinating novels that Mr. Lewis has written.

PALACES, PARABLES AND POLITICS

Diversions of an Indian Political.

By Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Kennion, C.I.E. 10s. 6d.
(Blackwood.)

The Palace of Intrigue.

By A. E. R. Craig. 7s. 6d. (Harmsworth.)

The Golden Boat.

By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated by Bhabani
Bhattacharya. 4s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Lieut.-Colonel Kennion, from his own admission, is one of the old brigade waiting for "the halcyon days that began with the Queen's proclamation" and "ended when Mr. Montagu became Secretary of State for India." Equally mournful is his prognostication—"ahead lies troubled water." He explains that "these sketches, with one exception, do not touch on such grave issues," but repeatedly he returns to the subject of his profession, and in that rôle he betrays such familiar opinions as that he "believes in the increasing participation of Indians in the Government. But Home Rule even as distant goal? Not till changes have taken place, of which at present there are no signs." He is more original in the description of his diversions, though an outsider may not quite share the gusto with which he discusses "the question of Indian and British snipe-shooting." And in his descriptions of the Lehs he is pleasantly reminiscent of Sir Hugh Clifford: "Though the face of Nature is forbidding, no one who has travelled in Ladak but has a good word to say for the people, for who does not like kindly, smiling faces, even if the owners be small and ugly, wear pigtailed and have never seen a bath."

It is good to be wafted from "troubled waters" to Mrs. Craig's "Palace of Intrigue," though on the opening page we are far from the Palace and far from any intrigues. It is in Villa Villefranche, in the South of France, that we are introduced to Begum Firooze—"no bud from a pruned rose tree in the garden of dull respectability, but a petal from the free blooming flower of love." She meets us calmly stitching "seed pearls on to a satin jacket." But we are presently to know that she is carrying within her the seed of intrigues to follow. The son and heir to the Rajah she desired so much was born "stone-deaf, epileptic and mentally deficient," but fortunately the Rajah, who was holidaying in Russia at the time, knew not of these punishments of Allah nor of the death of the baby a few weeks after birth. How Begum Firooze steals the Hon. Patrick Malise Tregavin Straithaig—from his perambulator of course—to be substituted for her own dead child, how she succeeds in her *coup*, and how the Hon. Patrick grows up in an Indian court as Iqbal, but puts an end to Begum Firooze's intrigues by marrying the Celtic Fiona—all this makes an exciting novel.

If the name of the translator of "The Golden Boat" had been anything but Indian, irrespective of whether the translation had been from Eskimo or Ukrainian, I would have called "The Golden Boat" an unseaworthy craft. But on second thought Mr. Bhattacharya aroused my sympathy. Here, I said to myself, is a young Bengali evidently striving to be a writer in English. He has the defects of the beginner and the foreigner handling English which he can shed only as he is accepted on his own worth. But he has been persuaded to hoist the name of Tagore and sail under his flag. Further Mr. Bhattacharya has been imprudent enough to translate a parable that Tagore himself translated and published under the title, "The Child." I would suggest that Mr. Bhattacharya should, rather than seek the dubious distinction of an august company in a golden boat, ply his own craft.

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA.

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A JACOBEOAN SONG BOOK

By J. M. Linnell

Giles Earle His Booke.

Edited by Peter Warlock. 10s. 6d. (Houghton.)

When Peter Warlock died some two years ago there were many to lament the loss to the English musical world. To those regrets there will now be joined those of a perhaps wider circle, not uninterested in music but more specifically students of literature. For that Warlock was a scholar of no mean standing in letters as in music is conclusively proved by this posthumous work, whose editing he had all but brought to completion when he died.

"Giles Earle His Booke" is one of those rarities, an almost entirely satisfying anthology—for the simple reason that to begin with it pretended to be nothing of the sort; not at least as anthologists use to-day. Instead it was, and is a collection of popular Jacobean songs with music, brought together by one Giles Earle. Of Earle himself nothing certain is known apart from what this volume tells us; namely that "he was evidently a man of taste, in close touch with the poets and musicians of his time." A fortunate fate enough to live thus, known only to posterity for one's taste, and all the rest forgotten! Unless and until it be remembered that, but for the researches of a Warlock, Giles Earle might remain unhonoured still, "stowed away in a museum lumber-room," with not even his face but merely the edges of his MS. to the wall.

But Earle has come to life again, in pleasing if not entirely worthy attire—by which let it be understood that printer and proof-reader together have fallen short here and there of what might (and in gratitude to Warlock's memory should) have been. And thanks to this timely resurrection—saddened though it is by the premature extinction of the very agent of revival—the lover of poetry, as distinct from the scholar, now has ready to his hand not only, as Warlock called it, "a good specimen collection of the favourite songs of a Jacobean amateur," but a fully representative cross-section of lesser Jacobean poetry. Upon how many doubtless worthy of remembrance "the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy." Campion we know, but all too little, and him only because he ranks perhaps as the most exquisite of many lyricists his contemporaries. But in an age when the nation's genius vented itself, as never before and never since, in spontaneous song, there must have been hundreds writing, of whose work now no more than a fragment remains, in the song-books of Dowland, Rosseter, Smith or Jones.

How fragmentary these survivals are in many instances appears time and again in the present volume. Earle's manuscript, never perhaps completed, certainly with additions in another hand, has suffered as manuscripts will suffer; and but for its editor's erudition would lack much that gives near completion to-day. Here and there pages have gone missing, whose stanza contents only a scholar of Warlock's calibre could have restored from extraneous sources. And so we have "Giles Earle His Booke" here more nearly its original whole than it could have been, lacking Warlock's researches—to the scholar a valuable work of reference, to the lover of poetry a mine of entertainment.

From so representative a selection of lyrics as is here reproduced for his delectation, the latter will have difficulty in singling out any one or two for especial mention. Some doubtless the modern reader will find tiresome for, save at their best, the conceits and fancies of the Jacobeans soon lose the charm of that quaintness in which lies so much of their initial appeal. Of such however there are comparatively few here, beside the vastly greater number of poems whose perusal arouses a variety of delights. Herein lies the goodness of Earle's collection: the songs are collected, not selected—a random sheaf in whose gathering, so far as one can see to-day, the "anthologist's" personal predilections and possible psychological oddities had no prerogative to limit his choice. It is a delightful

mixture this, ranging from songs whose lyricism expresses the natural overflow of a lively and appreciative spirit, through wit, conceit, humour and honest feeling to what Professor Saintsbury has called "the ever growing thoughtfulness, inclining to melancholy in cast, of the later Elizabethan and Jacobean time."

Very wisely for the present purpose, Warlock, save here and there, decided to modernise the quaint spelling of the original. He realised—as those musicians have maintained who insist that vocal music must be "spoken," and as a celebrated French professor discovered in teaching English literature—that "the essential beauty of a lyric lies in the melody of the oral word—sung, intoned or spoken"; that, in the words of Mr. Norman Ault whom he is here quoting, "unfamiliar and changing orthography of necessity checks in a greater or lesser degree the limpid flow of the words which is vital to the music of the poem." He also appended valuable notes, with variant readings and information of the sources from which he was able to complete poems mutilated by the fortunes of the manuscript. Nor were his labours confined to this. Realising, as he said, that many errors must have crept in from the oral communication of these songs, he was at pains to suggest, and in many cases to adopt, emendations which in the majority of instances must have restored the sense, if not the accurate text of the original—a task in which, as a friend of his wrote, his "unerring intuition leaped to the solution of every artistic point."

When he died the work was all but finished. Little remained for Mr. Bernard van Dieren, who contributes a brief and appreciative introduction, but to gather up the threads left hanging and complete the rounding-off of the task. To a friend it must have been melancholy work—save in the reflection that it must assure to Warlock a lessening of the likelihood of such oblivion as that from which, so near to his own end, he raised Giles Earle again into the light.

POCAHONTAS; OR THE NONPARELL OF VIRGINIA. By David Garnett. 8s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is the story of that lovely and famous daughter of the mighty Prince Powhatan, Emperor of Attanoughkomouck, in Virginia, whose tomb in St. George's Church at Gravesend has caused many to wonder, and a few to ask questions concerning her strange history. Mr. Garnett's book will satisfy all but the most exacting of inquirers; there will be a few, no doubt, who will search in vain for a reference or two to substantiate the author's statement that he has read all the important documents relating to the strange story, but no doubt the majority of readers will be so engrossed in the cruelties, the violences, the night sorties and the endless petty warfare that characterised the conditions under which colonists and Indians lived, that their confidence in the story-teller would be gravely insulted by the insertion of foot-notes. If in the course of the first two hundred and ninety-eight pages or so the reader occasionally finds himself wishing that he had read Fenimore Cooper in his youth, let him comfort himself with the assurance that there is nothing to equal the torture scene in chapter II among all the works of that famous author.

But from that June day in 1616, when the Princess first stepped ashore on to London cobbles, and decided at once that moccasins would not do, until her untimely death in the following year, Mr. Garnett is at his best. In that crowded climax to her life we see her meeting James I on Newmarket Heath, visiting the Tower with Raleigh, called upon by Dr. Donne, and being "overcome by a queer feeling of emptiness and anti-climax" as a Puritan Sunday in Norfolk "dragged itself on, slowly waiting for something which never happened." It is beautifully done.

REVIVALS

The Rule of Faith.

By W. P. Paterson, D.D. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Wesley.

By James Laver. 5s. (Peter Davies.)

Man, however little he may sometimes be conscious of the fact, is a religious animal; and directly or indirectly, his attitude towards religion governs his whole conduct. History rightly considered, as Dr. Paterson reminds us, is the study of one great religious revival after another, each modifying excesses in its predecessors, and each contributing vitally to the special needs of its own time. Dr. Paterson's work, of which there now appears a fourth and enlarged edition, is already well known. Within its compass it is a remarkably full and lucid outline of the rise and development of the various main branches of the Christian faith, and it achieves a fine measure of impartiality. Its main object is to present an historical summary. But many readers will find peculiar interest in the new last chapter, in which Dr. Paterson reviews modern theological tendencies, states his conviction that another genuine revival is due, and suggests that the next awakening will concentrate emphasis upon the Sermon on the Mount and upon the need of its ethical application to social through personal life.

Many other observers of the signs of the times, who look deeper than its surface chaos, will agree with Dr. Paterson on this point; and among the encouraging features of our day is its vital interest in John Wesley. Here is yet another study of him, in Messrs. Peter Davies's admirable series of short biographies. To present a whole living man in a hundred and sixty pages is almost impossible—at any rate when that man is Wesley, whose public life, embracing such varied activities, extended over sixty years,

with eighteen hours for his average working day. But Mr. Laver's portrait, if necessarily incomplete, is at least alive, and is calculated to serve its main purpose of stimulating further interest.

Mr. Laver obviously approached his task with no instinctive religious sympathy. Retelling the familiar tale of Wesley's meeting with Beau Nash, he complains that previous narrators have been hard upon Nash, except Miss Sitwell, who is equally hard upon Wesley. "It is possible," says Mr. Laver, "to be just to both men. If Wesley was the great civiliser of the lower classes, Nash was the great civiliser of the aristocracy and, if we forget religious questions for a moment, both were working for the same end—the reformation of manners—and both in their different ways were equally successful." Even if we gladly grant that Nash has received excessive ridicule from most of Wesley's biographers, this passage is highly controversial. We have quoted it however because, better than any comment of our own could do, it suggests the writer's angle of vision.

His very detachment sometimes enables him to see more clearly even a theological truth, as when he realises that the gulf which separated Wesley from many of his contemporaries is explained by the fact that "Wesley, while believing firmly in the Atonement of Christ, insisted strongly that 'works' were necessary for *continuance* in a State of Grace." Mr. Laver does not spare Wesley at other times. While exonerating him from all unworthy impulse, he enjoys some fun at the expense of Wesley as lover, and his emphasis upon Wesley's limitations as educationist lacks historical perspective and ignores some important redeeming facts. But his final summing-up of Wesley's character and influence is the more impressive because every glowing word is carefully weighed by an impartial and level-headed investigator, with no "brief" for the defence.

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A POSTHUMOUS GARLAND

Odd Memories.

By R. S. Garnett. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

All the world seems haunted nowadays by a suspicious dread of sentimentality; but surely one need not be accused of undue sentiment in admitting that there is always a fugitive air of pathos about a posthumous book. To commune as it were with the dead; to respond in spirit to his confidences; and yet to be denied the satisfaction of conveying that response to its rightful owner—these disabilities can hardly fail to touch the reader's heart with vain accessions of regret. And the greater the charm of the book, the deeper the sentiment. The extinction of a vivid personality is a loss to literature, which is often as intimate as the loss of a friend.

Robert Garnett died some three months ago, carrying with him to the grave who knows how much of quaint and humorous reminiscence, of genial zest for life's little ironies and absurdities, and of comprehending sympathy for its griefs and pains? The two volumes of autobiographical fragments which he left behind him make it clear that his was a nature of rare and radiant receptivity, a temperament of the warmest and most companionable philosophy. "How is it," he writes somewhere in a meditative moment, "how is it that trivial happenings of long years gone assume such importance? How is it a banal occurrence even may touch the heart when seen through the mists of time?" The answer is that the gift of transformation rests with the genius of the interpreter, and humorous sympathy is the secret of enchantment. Robert Garnett possessed that secret in a remarkable degree, and was not afraid of letting it transfuse his memory and imagination into a golden glow.

This second gleaning from a wide field of recollection is every bit as fruitful as the first. Once more we are transported to the London of half a century ago, to the lilacs and laburnums of St. John's Wood, with the green Atlas omnibus lumbering along towards those dusty purlieus of the law where Lord Bacon's tree was still standing in the quiet quadrangle, and the room where Dickens wrote

"Pickwick" could be seen across the way. The family of Richard Garnett, omniscient custodian of the British Museum Library, grew up in an old-fashioned, bookish, observant atmosphere; the incidents of their daily life might seem superficially trivial, but they were concerned with names now illustrious in art and letters. They make at any rate truly excellent stories, irradiated with character. We see Dr. Garnett setting out in the fog to spend an evening at the Westland Marstons across Primrose Hill, and helping to lift Swinburne on the table, that he may recite his latest poem—a performance which excited and wearied the poet to such a degree that, when Mrs. Marston went upstairs to bed, she found him fast asleep upon her pillow. The end of that evening was a furious adventure in the fog, which the reader must discover for himself. Then again there is the story of the terrific explosion in the Regent's Canal, when a cargo of gunpowder was ignited from the bargee's pipe; all the neighbourhood was shattered and strewn with wreckage, and the Garnett children watched spellbound from the windows, hoping to see the wild beasts escaping from the Zoo. Those were the days when Thursday evening was eagerly anticipated because the *Athenæum* would appear; when the methods of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce still lingered in the Law Courts, and a trusted old managing clerk would refuse to countenance a typewriting machine, or even a telephone, to which he contemptuously alluded as "that thing." The firm in which young Garnett worked had clients no less mad than Miss Flite, and much more aggressive, and one of the most astonishing anecdotes concerns a raving poetess in Campden Hill, to whom he was sent with £100, all in golden sovereigns, only to flee incontinently downstairs, as the lady leapt from her bed, with shrieks of "Hell-hound!" and ringing slaps on the rosy cheeks of her handmaiden, because she had been interrupted in reading her verse aloud. "How is it that trivial happenings of long years ago assume such importance?" Simply because humour and sympathy have transmuted them into the shining metal of Life.

SHAKESPEARE RECONSIDERED

The Shakespearean Tempest.

By G. Wilson Knight. 12s. 6d. (Oxford University Press; London: Humphrey Milford.)

Shakespeare has by this time been so exhaustively catalogued and card-indexed that Shakespearean criticism, whether "textual" or "interpretative," has become a game as elaborate and stereotyped as Mah-Jong; one can merely shuffle, select, reject and rearrange. This book is the latest, and one of the most fascinating of recent rearrangements of the text.

It has long been known that certain words, certain images, tend to recur consistently, associated with similar contexts, in different plays. Thus a few years ago Mr. E. E. Kellett discovered how—and Professor George Rylands explained why—in five distinct places the words *spaniel*, *candy* and *fawning* occur together. Subsequently Professor Caroline Spurgeon and Mgr. Kolbe, working independently, examined a number of the plays in detail from this angle. Professor Knight however, while making full use of the valuable analyses of the latter, and armed with a critical apparatus perhaps finer than that of any of his predecessors in this line of research, has worked on the whole Shakespearean corpus and has achieved a comprehensive and on the whole convincing synthesis.

Taking "The Tempest" as the hub of Shakespeare's universe, he correlates radially about it his groups of "recurrent imagery." There is in fact suspiciously little of significance that is not swept into the vortex of some storm—we are assured that "plots are built round tempests . . . rather than that tempests are inserted into plots." But if this sounds a trifle arbitrary, we can only add that Professor Knight is quite aware of the pitfalls of a method which tends to regard every metaphor as a leitmotiv

By Hugh Gordon Porteus

forced to obey the magnetic behests of an apparently home-made pattern; and that at every step he compels our assent. We feel even that Shakespeare invented the pattern, whether or not he used it consciously, and that Professor Knight has merely rediscovered and transposed the instantaneous process of creation into what he calls "the slower consciousness of logic and intellect." (Shakespeare in slow-motion!) The plays are dealt with in chronological order, to reveal "a steady process of simplification" until, in the last phase: "the poetic image usurps the right to direct plot and action," and "poetry thus becomes doubly poetic." In fine, it is Shakespeare the poet that Professor Knight presents:

"perhaps the greatest poet. And by that I mean, not a writer who is merely facile in the magic turning of fine phrases and the inspired melodies of rhythmic speech; but a poet whose every effect of metaphor and verbal music, of simile and description, stage-direction and symbol, plot and action and personification, are all interwoven, in each play, into one exquisite and significant design. . . ."

Aiming, on the plane of "language," at the kind of integration which "The Lion and the Fox" attempted on the plane of "personality," Professor Knight is concerned too "to safeguard Shakespeare for the general reader from the disintegration of misguided scholarship."

"The Shakespearean Tempest," perhaps more than the author's previous volumes, is likely to cause a flutter of academic gowns; but the general reader, if I am typical, will find that it really does refresh and enrich his experience, not only of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan world, but of all poetry, for Professor Knight throws out many a fertile comment in passing on Donne, and Hopkins, and Eliot.

LUNG-FISH AND LIFE

Kamongo.

By Homer W. Smith. 5s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Materialism.

By J. S. Haldane, C.H., F.R.S. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Fish that drown when you put them in water, atavistic survivals in the "blind alley of evolution," "living pages out of life's history," Kamongo—in short, lung-fish. These are the amazing freaks of nature with which Mr. Homer W. Smith, showman, has produced an amusing side-show to science. Mr. Smith, it should be explained, is a young American scientist, who has "written up," in semi-fictional form, his Kamongo quest in darkest Africa. It is a pity that a writer with such a faculty for producing vivid prose as Mr. Smith should have thought it necessary to adopt the criminally conversational methods of a Mrs. Markham to "put his story across." Perhaps the principal reason is that Mr. Smith has not only a "story" but a "message."

His philosophy may be described as that of a desperate latter-day evolutionist. So desperate, indeed, that he can find no beauty in life, believing as he does that it is "like a whirlpool stirred up in the dust by sunlight that, spinning on and on of its own momentum, presses always against its environment where the blind alleys are cut off and the rest escapes through different ways of spinning." Can one, he asks, find beauty in the temple of flesh, which is merely "choking refuse, aching for immortality with an ache that is naught but the shriek of a brake on a wheel . . . the doom of death was upon it at the moment of birth."

Mr. Smith has created an excellent foil for this fatalistic creed in the form of an Anglican padre, "a man of scholarship, culture and power," who is cornered on board ship by the impersonal young scientist (through whom Mr. Smith speaks), and cunningly drawn into a conversation about the biological significance of lung-fish. "Oxonian and *soigné*" though he is, the padre proves a most restrained and useful conversationalist who skilfully assists the young scientist to unfold his ideas.

It is comforting to turn from the terrifying grapple with reality of "Kamongo" to the more gentle approach to the same theme by another distinguished votary of science, Professor J. S. Haldane. "Materialism" is a collection of essays and addresses, all of which bear upon the subject from which the book takes its title and which combine to show that the writer, scientist though he is, believes that, however great the practical value of the physico-chemical interpretation of our experience, it can only fail in its incompleteness when applied to the phenomena of life. His conclusion is that a spiritual interpretation is essential, and this he finds in a religion based upon experience, a religion in which God does not "dwell apart in perfection and omnipotence," but embraces and is part of the universe. "Our universe," says Professor Haldane, "is no mere physical or biological universe, but a spiritual universe of values which can only be expressed as the active manifestation of personality in an indefinite or chaotic background. Our experience implies also that these values are no mere values for individual personality, so that within our apparent individual personalities is the unifying and all-embracing personality of God. Realisation of this gives us religion."

Between the evolutionist morbidity of Mr. Homer W. Smith and the generous pantheism of Professor Haldane there is evidently a wide gulf, yet neither of these books seems to contain the constructive reality which Mr. Julian Huxley produced in the "scientific humanism" of "What Dare I Think?" At any rate the quantity of metaphysical literature written by scientists of late seems to indicate that science has arrived at an age of "religious doubt," and to the layman this should be hopeful rather than disturbing.

CHRISTOPHER SALTMARSH.

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ANNUAL COLLECTIONS

The Best Short Stories of 1932 : (i) English ; (ii) American.

Edited by E. J. O'Brien. 7s. 6d. each. (Jonathan Cape.)

It would be difficult to conceive of a more completely misleading title than that which Mr. Edward J. O'Brien gives to his two annual collections. "The Best Short Stories of 1932" are the "best" only, of course, in Mr. O'Brien's judgment; and since infallibility is the unique attribute of the Pope, and Mr. O'Brien is no Pope of Literature, the unfortunate adjective is about as misleading and catchpenny as its journalistic counterpart, "The Truth About ——" The stories themselves are selected only from periodicals: all published in book form have been ignored. Why this harsh limitation of the books' scope? Finally—and then I will have done with complaining—of the full year 1932, promised in the title, there is actually only its first four months. Thus it would seem that the correct title (if it be allowed a title indicate truly the contents of a book) should be: "Some Short Stories Selected from Magazines and Quarterlies: May, 1931–April, 1932." But apparently truth can be too long-winded for convenience. . . .

Read side by side, the two collections present a number of differences. The chief one that emerges is the high pitch of sophistication in the English book, and the almost total lack of it in the American. Thereafter—speaking generally of course—come the English preoccupation with urban life, and the American prevailing interest in rurality; the English concern with the middle and upper classes, and the American ignoring of all but the labouring folk; the English finished ease of narrative and technique, and the American rough, earthy, artless method. Perhaps it would not be too much—though somewhat unkind—to say that the English collection reads as though written by professional writers without much to say, and the American by ordinary unskilled people impelled by need of self-expression to take up the pen. Thus the American is far and away the more vivid, graphic and powerful batch. It contains three outstanding tales whose sombreness and starkness are typically American: the earth has her own underlying voice in them, and the people are for ever listening to it in the midst of their daily round: "Hansel," by Andra Diefenthaler; "Mist on the Meadow," by William March; "The Quarrel," by Leo L. Ward. Though wholly American, it is easy to see their origins in the Russians—particularly Dostoevsky, Gogol and Tchekhov. The only "experiment" is by Jose Garcia Villa—"Untitled Story"—and a very successful one, in the form of a series of brief, sparse paragraphs relating a few years in the life of a sensitive and emotional young man. Moving, too, is "The Family Chronicle," by Bernhard Johann Tuting: a delicate study of a father and mother whose four sons have been killed in the War, and whose family line must therefore become extinct. But delicacy is more abounding in the English tales. "A Flower Piece," by H. E. Bates; "Mrs. Mulger," by Lord Dunsany; "The Escape from Fairyland," by J. B. Morton; "The Fairy Hill," by Edward Shanks, and "The Saint," by Antonia White, have nothing in common save a butterfly lightness of touch and precision in handling. The two best tales here are "The Lovers," by Liam O'Flaherty, and "Green Thoughts," by John Collier. Mr. O'Flaherty

has written a little masterpiece—an old man confronted with the woman whom in youth he had loved desperately, does not recognise her nor remember a hint of the turbulent events of his hey-day, all being veiled away by the grey mist of age. Mr. Collier has pressed into his tale as much brilliance and sheer imaginative invention as would serve any of his fellow writers for a dozen tales. One notices, in passing, that although the two books are planned on the same lines, the American collection lacks the valuable appendix (Articles on the Short Story; Volumes of Short Stories Published During the Year; and List of Stories Published in Magazines) the English collection has. This is a regrettable omission.

VERNON KNOWLES.

DAYS AND WAYS OF A SCOTTISH ANGLER.

By Henry Lamond. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

Angling books which can be read by the layman as well as the connoisseur are very welcome. These "Days and Ways" are in that pleasurable company. Mr. Lamond is recognised as a leading figure on angling topics, is the conservator of Loch Lomond, the author of a "classic" on sea-trout. Here he indulges himself in recollection, and angles as featly in his life-story as ever in actuality. The number of books that deal with fish and fishing! he ruminates in one of his many delightful asides. An American has collected ten thousand. With undue modesty he disclaims any title of "authority." "I've never dressed a fly in my life, except once, when I dressed a 'daddy-long-legs' to try to tempt a seven pound sea-trout." He has aimed at making his reminiscences of any sort of angling in any kinds of waters, of boyhood, youth, maturity, not more blatantly personal than need be, but his personality it is which enlivens the book. He has felt at liberty to use what form takes his fancy. Now and again he introduces a little dialogue. Izaak Walton set the fashion, and Sir Humphry Davy killed it in 1828 with his, as Mr.

Lamond says, "terrible" "Salmonia." "If I can dilute the one and achieve the other"—he has tried to combine instruction with amusement. His *obiter dicta*—Scots humour is closely allied to pathos—are memorable. The book is altogether treasure trove, indeed a creel filled and brimming over.

PAGEANT OF LIFE : A Human Drama.

By Owen Francis Dudley. 6s. (Longmans.)

This is the fourth of a series of novels designed to interpret "problems of human happiness." Evidently there are still many readers who like a tale adorned with a moral—or, in this case, a moral adorned with a tale; for many impressions of the first three books have been exhausted. In the present story, which follows the development of a West Country doctor's son from his sixteenth year onward till his heroic death in Russia in 1919, Mr. Dudley has endeavoured to present "an antithesis to that modern cowardice which manifests itself in the vogue for the vague and noncommittal." In other words, the writer is a Roman Catholic propagandist. He has genuine story-telling gifts of a picturesque, sentimental, melodramatic kind, but they are merely used as a covering sweetmeat for the pill of truth as he sees it.



Ethel McKenzie.

Author of "Secret Snow" (Roland Swain).

Reproduced from a plaque by her husband, R. Tait McKenzie, internationally known British sculptor.

THE INDIAN COMPLEX

Indian Caste Customs.

By L. S. S. O'Malley. 6s. (Cambridge University Press.)

The Indian Chaos.

By F. W. Wilson. 7s. 6d. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

The emergence, during the past few years, of India as perhaps our greatest Imperial problem, has been reflected in an unceasing flood of books, most of which, it is safe to say, would not have reached the shores of publication had not the tide of topicality urged them thither. Information and propaganda have been issued almost promiscuously from the printing presses. Now the two books under review are as different as may be in both presentation and intent. In the first, a retired I.C.S. man writes soberly, learnedly and with no particular nostrum to expound; in the second, a journalist (who was at one time with the *Pioneer* of Allahabad and with the *Indian Daily Mail* of Bombay) seeks to prove that the present system of governance in India has broken down, and that the movement for Federation is the only practical one for real friends of India and of the British Empire to follow. "Indian Caste Customs" is a solid if somewhat dull contribution to knowledge; "The Indian Chaos" is a personal *aperçu* on recent events in India, and mainly occupied with the political nature of Anglo-Indian relations.

No feature of Hindu life has been more misunderstood than caste. In the West it is often regarded solely as an insuperable obstacle to national progress. That it certainly is, but it has, as Mr. O'Malley recognises, definite points. Without it, for instance, Hinduism might have disintegrated; and would anarchy be preferable to Hinduism? It has guarded morality; it has often acted as a good trade union; it is a bulwark against revolutionary ideas. For these reasons some observers, both Indian and non-Indian, have favoured the retention of the caste system. But the balance of intelligent opinion is unquestionably in support of the abolition of this system, of the crudities of which Mr. O'Malley gives some enlightening examples. Centuries may elapse, however, before this linch-pin of Hindu society is removed.

To the existence of such a huge obstacle as is caste to the establishment of an Indian nation, Mr. Wilson does not pay overmuch attention, for his preoccupations are with the politically minded of India, many of whom have far outstripped the practices of the normal Hindu in regard to this exclusivism. This journalist devotes a considerable section of his book to the sins of the British in India—to the snobbery, the colour bar, the alleged interference of Executive with Judiciary, the British officials' failure to operate the "Montford" Reforms in a generous spirit, and so on. In this section there is little that is new and much that could be answered. Most of it indeed has been better done in Mr. E. M. Forster's "Passage to India."

On hodiernal politics Mr. Wilson writes from the standpoint of a "liberal," who postulates as incontrovertible the right of every people to govern itself, and who therefore sees in every attempt to check the progress of Indian nationalism a stupid endeavour to postpone the inevitable. His doctrinaire angle is sufficiently indicated by his comparing India with Ireland and South Africa. He knows, of course, the difficulties in the way of a unified India; he realises fully the defects alike of Gandhi, of Congress and of the Moderates; but fundamentally he believes in the existence of an Indian nation and of its right to enjoy self-government within the British Empire. The trend of his thought will be realised if one mentions that his modern heroes appear to be Lord Irwin and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru.

Mr. Wilson does not write well, but at least he has the merit of candour. And readers who assent to his "undeniable moral proposition that the Indian has the right to govern himself" may find him both entertaining and informative. Realists, however, will consider him thin, and too anxious to demonstrate the "chaos" of existing India to present adequately the obstacles to a simpler and saner condition of things.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

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Modern Composers

VII—ERIK CHISHOLM

An Interview by Watson Lyle

Some nine or ten summers ago I was staying with friends, M. and Mme. Pouishnoff, in a cottage they had taken for the season, delightfully situated at a sequestered part of the rugged coastline of North Cornwall. Through my open bedroom window the voice of the ocean would croon a *berceuse*, or seek with yells to overawe me to sleep, according to its mood; but the character of my *aubade* never varied. Promptly at 8 a.m. began the industrious application of the pianist's pupil, Erik Chisholm, to his morning's work at the keyboard. His afternoons were generally occupied at composition, though occasionally he would trudge off with me along the coast, or go swimming with his teacher while Mme. Pouishnoff and myself, from the comfort of the beach, watched them brave the breakers of the Atlantic. Well into the night, I believe, Chisholm read, or studied the planetary system through an enormous telescope. I suppose there were hours when he slept; but having just completed a commission for a book within scheduled time, his tireless energy seemed a reproach to my righteous laziness of those few weeks. And when I rediscovered him lately, as the moving spirit in the small group of Scottish moderns in music, and looked up his dossier and proceeded to interrogate him for this article, I found him at thirty-two with about two hundred compositions as black-and-white evidence of his unabated energy in the interim, plus the record of a sojourn in Nova Scotia in 1926 as professor at Picton University, where he gave fifty recitals, before coming home to study further at the University of Edinburgh under Professor Donald F. Tovey. Also that he is Hon. President of a society in his native city of Glasgow that has done much to bring before the public there the works of such prominent moderns as Bax, Bartók, Casella, Sibelius, Delius and Hindemith, as well as others who are little more than names to London—Lopatnikoff, Franz Mittler, Othmar Schoeck and Julius Röntgen. Appropriately for the composer's association with it, the society is styled "The Active Society for the Propagation of Contemporary Music," and gives series of concerts to that end each winter season. Erik Chisholm has given himself recitals devoted to the works of Bartók, Kodály, Medtner, Gordon Jacob, Delius, William Walton and Constant Lambert.

He began to publish his compositions in 1926 (Curwens; Senart), his earliest pianoforte music showing descent from Chopin-Debussy, some of the pieces having titles and "programmes" of planetary association. Beginning five or six years ago, however, one notes a steadily increasing individualism, towards a Gaelic nationalistic idiom, which more and more becomes his subconscious expression in the way that Sibelius is "nationally" Finnish, or Vaughan Williams "English." Thus it is that his most recent work (1929-32) is his most representative, including a Concerto for piano and orchestra, Dance Suite for the same ensemble, "Piobroch" sonatina for piano, sonata for two celli and sonata for violin alone. That all are in MSS. can be

explained probably by the inability of music publishers to issue anything during the present financial crisis that does not ensure quick returns.

As we chatted over tea I noticed that he had not greatly changed, unless physically. His black hair had become tinged with grey, but he was less assertive and more quietly sure in conversation, though his dark eyes still glinted brightly at one from behind and over his spectacles. One was still conscious too of the old, underlying energy vibrations beneath the fleshly covering of his lean frame and tanned, eager face; and the odd impression of a native shyness routed by the force of an inward compulsion.

"Fancy you forsaking the musical pursuit of planetary bodies for the more earth-bound contact of a Gaelic folk-idiom!" I remarked. He smiled his quick, good-humoured smile and said: "Most of my works now are of Scottish character, and draw their inspiration from, and profess to be, a legitimate development of the wonderful literature of music for the Highland bagpipe. 'Piobaireachd' (Highland bagpipe tunes) and the smaller pipe pieces, march, strathspey and reel, are definite art-forms peculiar to Scotland, and as such are capable of development along recognised 'Symphonic' lines, like the dance forms—mazurka, polka, valse, etc.—from which Chopin, Smetana, Dvorák——"

"Tchaikowsky, Moussorgsky, Sibelius and so on," I murmured.

"—And other 'National' composers built their music. I now find myself speaking, musically, in the characteristic idiom of the MacCrimmons (a great family of Piobaireachd composers), through a twentieth century technique, and writing for the modern orchestra instead of for the Highland

bagpipe. Virtually a descent of the MacCrimmon line, and I am occupied with the same emotions to which to give expression. My mother is a McLeod, thus giving me descent from two Highland clans."

"But what of the actual themes, apart from folk tunes?"

"Themes come to me generally as a consequence of the mood I wish to express."

"Does melody or rhythm come first in your music?"

"I rather think the rhythmic impulse is strongest; a definite body stimulus which, by its continued reiteration induces a feeling of magnetic attraction (or sheer monotony) is a characteristic of the Piobaireachd, and also in my music."

"And new forms in music?"

"Art-forms are a result of accumulated tendencies, maybe centuries old, requiring years to ripen to maturity. Only when mature do they provide a kind of subconscious background on which the composer projects his ideas. Their choice is one of the greatest problems the twentieth century composer has to solve."

Thus then had the boy of twenty, persistently clambering up the slippery Bedruthan Steps* before me a decade ago, grown into the man with the musical salvation of his country as his goal.

* Gigantic stone "steps" about six miles from Newquay.



Erik Chisholm.

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val.

By F. A. Forbes. 6s. (Longmans.)

"To live by faith and to seek only the Will of God is the way to peace, courage and happiness." "It is only by seeking God in all things, even in those that in their nature are farthest from Him, that we can learn to live alone with Him." "The certainty that God knows all, that He is really our Father and that He does not expect us to use the instrument of praise when it is out of order, should lead us to rest quietly in His arms like a sick child, and to rejoice to do His will." These quotations, selected at random from his writings, form the leitmotiv of Cardinal Merry del Val's philosophy. If Miss Forbes's straightforward character sketch is neither very profound nor very brilliant, she at least succeeds in presenting us with the figure of a sincere and humble-minded saint, whose internal devotion was only equalled by his complete resignation to the will of God. No one can read this short, clearly written biography without being impressed by these characteristics of the great Cardinal, though, as he is careful to point out to an Anglican clergyman on the edge of conversion to the Roman Church, "love is intelligent, especially when it is divine, and it must rest on knowledge." A blind and thoughtless resignation was the last thing the Cardinal advocated.

We are given the portrait of a man whose ambition was "to be a parish priest of a large and poor parish," preferably in the diocese of Westminster, but who was forced by circumstances to occupy a difficult public position as Secretary of State to the Pope. We see the Cardinal performing his multifarious duties, from codifying Canon Law and investigating the validity of Anglican Orders, to talking platitudes with the endless stream of visitors to the Pope and running his boys' club in Trastevere, the slummiest quarter of Rome. "The child of diplomatic surroundings

and traditions" (so writes Cardinal Bourne in his preface to the work), he displayed to the outer world an apparently rigid and unresponsive demeanour. Yet beneath the official exterior of a great prelate was concealed the humble devotion of an earnest priest, continually sacrificing himself in the interests of God's Church. A future Lytton Strachey may find in this conflicting yet simple character as suitable matter for satiric criticism as in Cardinal Manning, and would certainly pounce on the absurdly banal views which Miss Forbes was injudicious enough to include in her life of her hero. Her partiality, in this instance at least, has blinded her literary judgment.

As Secretary of State to Pius X, Cardinal Merry del Val was regarded as chiefly responsible for the issue of the Decree Lamentabili and the Encyclical Pascendi, in which the heresies of the "Modernists" were vigorously exposed and condemned. The Cardinal wrote that the work was the Pope's, "and he takes of course the full responsibility. . . . No Catholic," he adds, "can hold these false theories." It is however undeniable that his own refusal to compromise was on this occasion a chief bulwark of the Pope's attitude. Admitting the premises of the Roman Church, the Cardinal was right. But in point of fact the exclusion, not by any means of all, but of many scientific and intellectual men, has tended to confine her teaching to a limited number rather than to diffuse it in the surrounding world, "shaken," as the Cardinal remarked after the War, "by the onslaught of a new paganism." Such an uncompromising attitude is generally overtaken by its inevitable Nemesis. France, Portugal and now Spain (the Cardinal's own country) have all witnessed the growth of anti-clerical sentiment, separation of Church from State, the burning of churches and dissolution of religious orders. But whatever are the results of such an outlook, we cannot but admire the inflexibility of the Cardinal's purpose and the certainty of his dogmatic beliefs, in an age like the present when indifference to all organised religion is a widespread malady.

PHILIP ROBINSON.

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FIRST NOVELS

By R. S. Forman

Magical Incense.

By Francesca Claremont. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Fugitive Morning.

By Leslie A. Paul. 7s. 6d. (Archer.)

One Stair Up.

By Campbell Nairne. 7s. 6d. (Porpoise Press.)

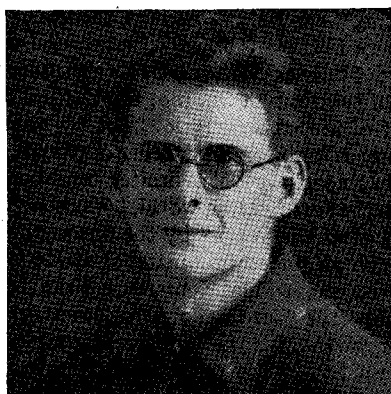
Anna Priestly.

By Evelyn Herbert. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Green and Black.

By J. G. Stemp. 7s. 6d. (J. Murray.)

No doubt life in a country vicarage in the '90's—which, I suppose, is round about the date when we are introduced to the Allan family in "Magical Incense"—was generally



Mr. Leslie A. Paul.

Photo by Julian A. Taylor, Leichworth.

narrow and often dull. I venture to doubt however—as one who knew somewhat intimately more than one late-Victorian parsonage—whether as a matter of fact the families of clergymen were then any, if at all, duller and more restricted than the families of other professional men, or, indeed, whether Victorian family life was duller on

the whole than family life either in the days which immediately followed the Victorian era or even in these highly enlightened days in which we live, remembering, as so many critics and novelists refuse to remember, that dullness is entirely a subjective quality. Yet the dullness of the Victorian parsonage continues to be one of the standard themes of the novelist, a fact which we owe largely, I am inclined to think, to the brilliant, if cruel, picture of his own old home drawn by Samuel Butler in "The Way of all Flesh."

I do not suggest that Francesca Claremont is ill-informed enough to imagine that the vicarage and its inmates in her story are typical either of vicarages in general or of late-Victorianism. I only want to register a protest against the novelists' convention that if it is necessary to find a reason for a rebellious adolescence you have only to go to a Victorian vicarage to find it.

Apart from this, I find "Magical Incense" a pretty good story. There is nothing at all subtle in the author's treatment of her characters. She does not yet give evidence of having been a profound student of human nature, though there are signs—particularly in her treatment of the relations between Leda, the youngest of the three daughters of the vicarage, and her young aunt—that she knows that there is in human nature much to be studied and has had keen enough eyes to discover that the still waters of an externally dull personality may be very deep, and may hide in their depths extraordinarily interesting complications. Leda's life of sacrifice in Mary's service is, in my judgment, the best thing in this book, and it is a pity, I feel, that the author has not taken this theme and developed it more fully, instead of diverting her attention and that of the reader to Victoria and her daughter Sybilla. I see the fitness of having Sybilla's triumph as a foil to Leda's ultimate tragedy, of course, but it is not artistic of Miss Claremont so to direct attention to the young girl that one forgets for quite a long time that there is the older woman to be sorry for.

Victoria herself is a well-drawn portrait. I doubt a little whether so lovable a woman would have developed from the girl we first meet in the vicarage, and my doubt is deepened when I think of the man who had chief hand

in that development. But I do most strongly protest that an author who takes her work seriously, as I feel sure Miss Claremont does, should find it possible to mar the effect of her story by the introduction of the melodramatic element represented by Victoria's discovery of her gipsy ancestry. Not a line in it rings true, and so far as I can see, beyond providing Victoria with a weapon to secure her father's consent to her engagement, it adds nothing at all to the unfolding of the plot or the understanding of Victoria's character.

This all makes me think that before Miss Claremont writes the first-rate novel, which I think she has it in her to write, she must discipline herself in the matter of dealing with her material. She needs badly to practise the use of the pruning knife.

"Fugitive Morning" is an ambitious study of boyhood and adolescence, and here again I want to register a protest. Mr. Paul is, his publishers tell us, a "youth leader." I do not know exactly what that is, but I presume that to be a "youth leader" a man must have as one of his qualifications a knowledge of the "youth" he affects to lead. If he has, then I am sure he must know that it is the rarest thing in the world for any boy to make his way to manhood consciously beset with the feelings which Jim in this book finds both so tiresome and so interesting. Introspection is certainly the order of the day, but no argument will convince me that more than one boy in ten thousand—a hundred thousand probably—analyses his emotions as Jim analyses his. That comes later. Even in early manhood such analysis is uncommon. It is in maturity that we, nearly all of us, begin the process, for the simple reason that we have to wait till the world has lost its novelty and wonder before we turn to explore the greater wonder and the ever new that is ourselves. The glory of boyhood and adolescence, even when it is troubled, is that the spirit is resilient. If for a moment it sinks into depths of introspection it, without staying a moment, rebounds to the clear upper air again where there are things to see and do and experiment with. I do not, of course, deny abnormality, but I do not believe Mr. Paul means Jim to be abnormal. He would, I think, rather have us believe him typical, and would wish us to learn from him what boy nature is. It is, Heaven knows, difficult for a boy to grow to decent, intelligent manhood, but it is we who have got beyond the testing time who know it and not those who are still going through it.

While I should hesitate to describe either "Magical Incense" or "Fugitive Morning" as gloomy books, it would certainly not be true to call them merry or enlivening, which leads me to note that while one stream in the fiction of the day is so scintillating that it threatens to disappear in a shower of iridescent bubbles, there is another so murky that it more and more tends to refuse to reflect any likeness of human nature at all. The next two books on my list are almost entirely unrelievedly gloomy, telling of the drab lives and loves of drab people from drab homes. I wish students of the drab would read their Arnold Bennett. In his last years he deserted the drab and spent his days in trains-de-luxe and Grand Babylon hotels, but in his earlier and greater days he specialised in the drab, and succeeded in painting on his drab backgrounds, drabber far than those in "One Stair Up" or "Anna Priestly," colourful scenes of humour and romance, which live in the memory, and will live long after the monochromes of hosts of well-meaning but uninspired writers are forgotten.

Mr. Campbell Nairne and Mr. (?) Miss Evelyn Herbert are conscientious novelists. They deserve more praise than most writers of a first novel. But I cannot call them even promising, unless I am assured that they have eyes and see the colour of life against its darkest background. Mr. Nairne writes, as his name would suggest, about Scotland. His characters are members of an Edinburgh family, and his story works up to a highly melodramatic murder and suicide, the victims being respectively the

seducer and the rejected suitor of one of the daughters. Mr. Nairne endeavours to make the Castle Rock take a mystic hand in the story, but its intrusion is artificial and irritating. As a piece of realistic story-telling it is not—apart from the final tragedy—a bad piece of work, better than Mr. Herbert's, which has as its theme an impulsive and disastrous affair between his Welsh heroine, Anna, and her fiancé's ne'er-do-wee brother, resulting in an illegitimate child and other calamities. There is something rather fine about Anna. She is a well-drawn character, drawn with bold strokes and deliberately and conscientiously not idealised. I think the author goes badly astray over the end of the story. I do not believe for one moment in the mutual devotion of Laline, Anna's child, and Silvia, daughter of Anna's old mistress. I must also state my disbelief in the Bancroft family. They are quite too grotesquely horrible, and Simon, who is meant to be *simpatico*, is unfortunately the least real of them all.

"Green and Black" will suffer through a most unfair and injudicious mention of Mary Webb in the publisher's "blurb." The book has not, and was not meant to have, any sort of kinship with the—to my mind—over-praised work of Mary Webb. The only point at which Mr. Stemp touches her is in the district in which he lays the scene of his story. I rather enjoyed this book, crude though it is in many respects. David Garrick and John Wesley make an appearance in it without helping on the story much, but giving it an air of reality which is rather badly needed to overcome some really dreadful sentimentality in the latter part of the book. Readers who can get over the episode of the "Knights of Sabrina" will find this quite a pleasant tale.

SCRAPS FROM GILBERT'S WORKSHOP

Lost Bab Ballads.

By W. S. Gilbert. Collected, edited and illustrated by Townley Searle.

A Colossal Idea.

An Original Farce by W. S. Gilbert. With introduction and decorations by Townley Searle. 5s. each. (Putnams.)

Mr. Searle is a Gilbert enthusiast. So indeed are most well-brought-up persons, though their enthusiasm may go scarcely so far as Mr. Searle's when it comes to scraps which the master himself threw on one side in his workroom. Indeed one may think that Gilbert was a sound critic of his own writing when he omitted to reprint these verses, and allowed this short farce to lie undisturbed in a drawer of his desk—which Mr. Searle seems to find strange.

Not that either book is without a few true sparks of the Gilbertian wit. The verses contain some ingenious (though not always very neat) rhyming, especially in the piece called "The Baron Klopzfetterheim; or The Beautiful Bertha and the Big Bad Brothers of Bonn," which is metrically in the tradition of Christopher Anstey and R. H. Barham. And in the farce some of the prose—particularly in the soliloquies—has the real Gilbertian mock-serious ring. For these things many people will be glad to have the two books (they might surely have been but one), though they are not Gilbert at his best.

Incidentally Mr. Searle has one very curious editorial lapse. He spends a good deal of his introduction in wondering when "A Colossal Idea" was written, and places it, on the strength of references to Mrs. Bloomer and the Volunteer Movement, "somewhere between 1855 and 1870." He misses however a much more definite clue to date—Mrs. Yellowboy's reference to "Lady Audley's Secret" as the "light reading" of the moment. As Miss Braddon's novel appeared in 1862, and as Gilbert was unlikely to make a topical allusion of this sort to anything but a recently published book, one may guess that "A Colossal Idea" was written in 1862 or 1863.

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Novel Notes

MANDOA, MANDOA !

By Winifred Holtby. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)



Miss Winifred Holtby.
Photo: Reprograph Studio.

The semi-fictional political or publicist's satire is becoming all the mode. But it does not suit Miss Holtby. She is like a "really nice woman" wearing a backless dress. She doesn't even look smart in it.

The story of the civilising of an isolated principality in Central Africa through the enterprise of a

travel agency gives plenty of opportunity for fun to a writer of Miss Holtby's inventive powers. She has assembled an excellent and varied cast and provided a plot which should give them every chance to do their stuff. But in all her 382 pages, only once or twice—for instance in the dinner of welcome and enslavement given to the British experts on their first arrival at Lolagoba, when the conversation turns ambiguously about the value of ball-games—does Miss Holtby succeed in making them really funny. Fortunately she does not seem to have tried very hard. There is no embarrassing sense of strain which so often accompanies the reading of such books. If she had been more acquainted with the causes, and more aware of the nature of the "irrelevance" she satirises, her wit might be sharpened. As it is, she is vague and mild. Satire without hate is like that silly beverage called non-alcoholic wine, and serves no better purpose.

TIGER JUAN.

By Ramón Pérez de Ayala. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

His Excellency Señor Ramón Pérez de Ayala, Spanish Ambassador to Great Britain, is a novelist of considerable reputation in his own country. His long novel "Tiger Juan" won the first national prize for literature when it first appeared. This translation is not likely to induce in English readers a sympathetic understanding of the Spanish temperament. If we decide to regard it, as Professor Starkie suggests, as the credo of the new Spain as it appears to the intellectuals who are still idealists, we shall still be puzzled about Spain.

The story is that of the pathological jealousy of a herbalist and grain merchant in an Asturian market town, and is told in moods varying from the Celtic-whimsical to the Latin-theatrical. To "modernise" or make relevant the theme of *pundonor*, that excessive concern for family honour which gave rise to the invention of chastity belts, and copy for innumerable melodramas of masculine vengeance and comedies of feminine intrigue, must be largely a problem of style. No doubt Señor de Ayala succeeded: but Professor Starkie has not. The task of translation must have been extremely difficult. The picaresque atmosphere and manners of an Asturian town, particularly when it is drab and provincial as well, and the subtle blends of the dialogue, are hard to render convincingly in English. But Professor Starkie might have been aware that you cannot produce an authentic Celtic note simply by the occasional use of words like "gossoon," and that phrases like "Good-bye, sugar" go ill in the same book with "Vile whelp! Scoundrel! Caitiff!" He has been professorially painstaking in the search for equivalents and colloquialisms so that his translation reads rather like a

crib; for both the twisted intensity of the passion and the satirical intent are lost. It is difficult to estimate how valuable to English readers they might have been. But perhaps I ought to take the advice of Doña Mariquita after seeing a play of Calderon: "Come now, girl," she snapped, "can't you see all that was foolishness invented to pass the time?"

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Mrs. Stanley Wrench.
Author of "Strange Lovers" (Jarrolds).

THE PORTION OF THE LEVITES.

By Doreen Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)

There were few clouds on the horizon when Laura Campbell abandoned her youthful ambitions for the humdrum existence of a farmer's wife. Anthony Harden possessed the esteem of the village people and a thousand acres of land; and farming was at the flood-tide of post-War prosperity. But troubles soon descend upon the pair. Anthony's flocks are destroyed by disease, and his crops ruined by a succession of bad seasons. Moreover every year the firstfruits of his land are required of him as tithe-payment to the Church. It is this last which completes his ruin. Their troubles are increased by the difficulties of married life; but whereas their early trials help to draw them apart, the final disaster brings them together again.

With this, her third book, Miss Wallace definitely establishes herself as one of the outstanding women novelists. Her book is marred by a number of relapses into burlesque. But she writes with knowledge and feeling of the problems of the farmer; while her insight into human relationships lifts her work high above the propaganda level.

GROPING.

By Naomi Jacob. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Jacob always writes firmly, sensibly and without affectation. Her stories are interesting, well constructed and clearly presented. But, though the reader is not actually impelled to skip—for if he does, he will have to go back to see what he missed—he is likely to feel a vague discontent that the book is quite so long. Perhaps even that is due to her conscientious craftsmanship which, by forbidding digression, precludes variety. And there is apt to be something unconvincing about her protagonists. They are slightly, scarcely perceptibly, simplified. This device prejudiced the reader against belief in Young Emmanuel's self-sacrifice. This new book is the story of the rise of Marcus Stern, damaged by his upbringing in a peculiarly drab and unpleasant home, to fame as a playwright, remaining all the time utterly without love. He searches for it in his relations with his wife who dies in child-birth, leaving him with a son. He searches for it in the business of fatherhood for twenty years. And finds it, we are left to suppose, in marriage with a woman whose mother had given him the maternal affection he had always lacked. One doubts, in spite of Miss Jacob's circumstantial manner, whether such a psychologist's dummy really could exist; and whether, if he did, he could write such amusing plays. But it is a good story and very readable. Miss Jacob deserves, and probably has, a large public.

ONE DAGGER FOR TWO.

By Philip Lindsay. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Mr. Philip Lindsay's new novel has for subject the dramatic last six months of Christopher Marlowe's life. Against the background of Elizabethan London—a background of splendour alternating with squalor—the futile tragedy is worked out simply and commandingly. Two women fill these rapid months—the poet's bad and good angels: Mistress Awdrey Walsingham, wife of his patron, Thomas Walsingham; and Alice Jewel. Through a mistaken though tormenting love, Marlowe passes at length to a true and serene passion, only to have all snatched from him at the very moment of reaching out: two days before he is to be married to Alice he is stabbed to death in a tavern by an old enemy, Ingram Frizer. It was inevitable that such should be the conclusion; Marlowe's quick and violent temper has throughout presaged his undoing. Like many a man of lesser importance, he was his own implacable enemy. In his cups (which was more often that not) his dissatisfaction with his humble parentage and drudging life—for all that he was a great poet and great lover—caused him to babble treasonably against the Queen and Government. Frizer, who not only bore him an intense hatred but was also a government informer, waited his time. At the very last moment Marlowe, no fool, saw his danger plainly and tried to escape, but Frizer was not to be balked; and so at the early age of thirty the author of "Tamburlaine" and "Edward II," "the master of the mighty line," was cut off in his flower. Mr. Lindsay makes the poet and the man a living, triumphant personality; one feels and salutes the genius of the one, while acknowledging the frailties of the other. All the other characters—Nashe, Greene, Kyd, Chapman and Shakespeare—are as sharply and convincingly portrayed. There are many memorable passages in the book, perhaps one of the finest being the account of the first night, at the Rose Theatre in Southwark, of Marlowe's hack play, "The Massacre at Paris."

The book begins and ends with a wild ringing of church bells, and all through the story the point is made that the bells ring alike for wedding and funeral. Poor, wretched, cheated Marlowe! the wedding-peal turned for him all unforeseen into a funeral tolling. Such is the "dusty answer" of this life to a rash bid for impossible happiness.

Mr. Lindsay's handling of the Elizabethan scene is strong and sure; he is perfectly at home in his century; he is to be congratulated on a notable achievement.

VERNON KNOWLES.

FOR ADULTS ONLY.

By Beverley Nichols. Illustrated by Joyce Denny. 5s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Molière could flagellate (and entertain) his age and all times. Mr. Noel Coward has tried his hand at flagellation with some success. Mr. Nichols is neither a Molière nor a Mr. Coward, and here offers more a rod for his own back than either satire or entertainment for child, adolescent, or adult. A heavy facetiousness mars these child's guides to the talkies, the Royal Academy, first nights, broadcasting (with pun on Payne and pain), and often a questionable taste in dialogues on economy, charity. It is almost inconceivable that the author of "Down the Garden Path" should write of a rustic seat which bore on its back the legend, "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot," and end with buffoonery, "God which." Mr. Nichols records that when his nurse read his first Hans Andersen, he commented, "I could tell you a better one than that." He is always going one better, in apparent retrogression. For reviving the dialogue form he is to be commended. Before he continues in the vein, he would be advised to study not only Plato but also (say) Belloc's "Mrs. Markham's New History," that so sure and humorous castigation of our foibles. His box-room sketch rings true. We all know those white elephants, the abracadabric olla podrida of reminiscence, of which we cannot bring ourselves to dispose. *Verb. sap.* If Mr. Nichols would only clear his literary box-room of some of its undergraduate proclivities he might compass something worth the adult attention.

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A ROYAL SCHOLAR

By Edmund Nicholls

Maggs Brothers announce the completion, in three volumes, of the monumental research undertaken by the late ex-King Manoel of Portugal under the title, "Early Portuguese books (1489-1600), in the Library of His Majesty the King of Portugal," described with full collations, and historical, literary, bibliographical and biographical essays in both English and Portuguese, with hundreds of facsimile reproductions. The work is comprised in volumes one and two. Volume three consists of indices of authors, titles, towns and printers. The whole is now complete in a limited edition of six hundred and fifty copies, priced £25 net for the complete set.

The work gives for the first time a complete survey of Portuguese typography, book decoration and woodcuts of the sixteenth century. The collection described in this magnificent work consists of a great number of the more interesting books printed in Portugal between 1489 and 1600, also some important Portuguese books printed outside that country during the sixteenth century. The collection is rich in unique items which are fully described for the first time.

The work is large quarto, handsomely printed at the Cambridge University Press, and bound in cloth.

The public will be afforded an opportunity to realise the height which printing in Portugal had attained in the sixteenth century, for which purpose this exceptional work was undertaken. For this reason the text is in Portuguese and English.

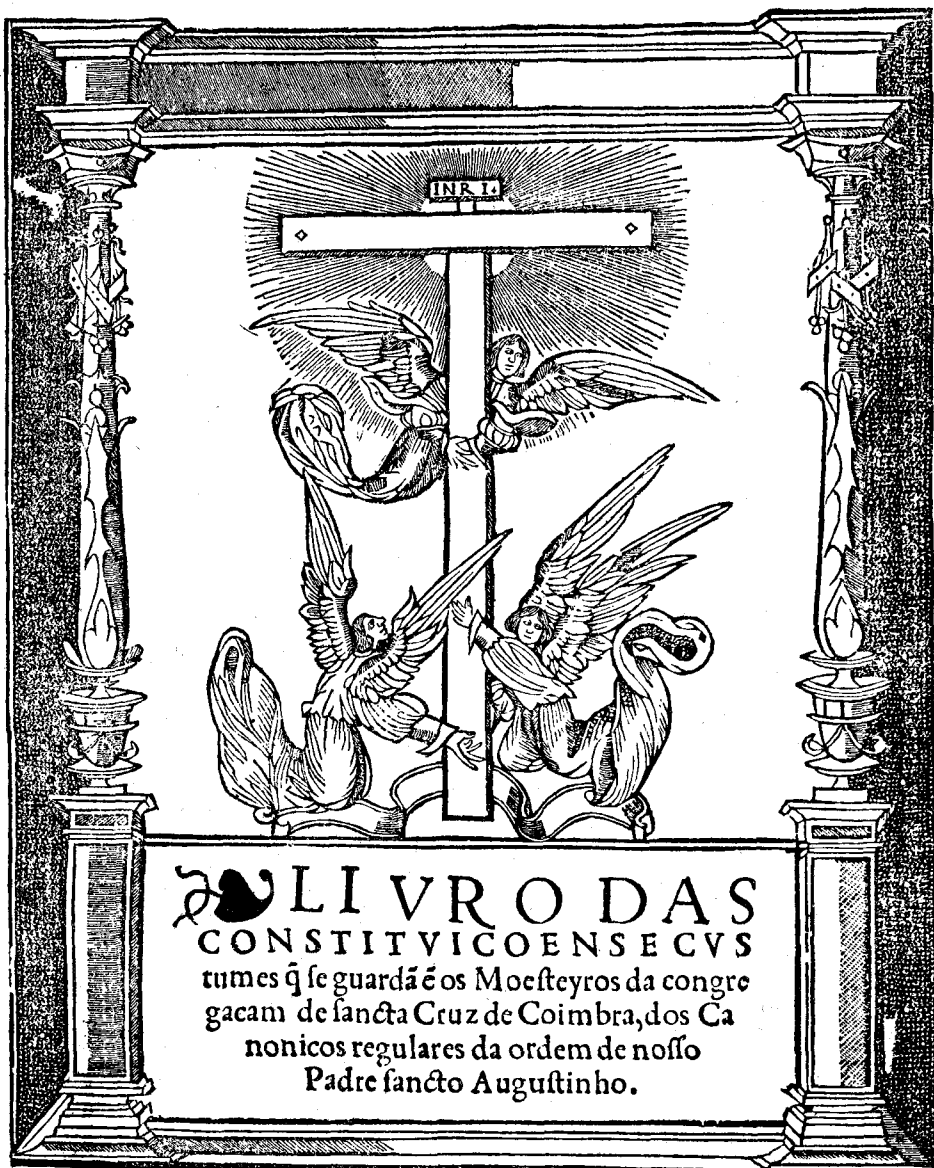
The contents range from Ludolphus's "Vita Christi," in four volumes, printed at Lisbon in 1495—the first known book printed in Portuguese and one of the typographical marvels of the fifteenth century (of which only thirteen copies are known and two only of these are outside Portugal—that in the ex-King of Portugal's library at Twickenham, and the other in the Huntington Library in the United

States), to the first edition of the "Comedias Portuguesas" of Antonio Prestes and Luis de Camoens, printed at Lisbon in 1587, of which only two copies are known. Mention must be made of the first Portuguese edition of "Marco Polo" (Lisbon, 1502), of which only five copies have been traced, one being in the British Museum. All these earlier works describing the voyages and adventures of the early

explorers of the Indies are, needless to say, of almost incalculable value.

The oldest book in the library is the commentary on the Pentateuch in Hebrew (1489), the work of the first press established in Lisbon by Rabbi Elizer. Only fifteen copies are known, of which the British Museum possesses one.

One would like to quote and describe at length for several pages if space permitted to-day, but enough has been written to demonstrate the indispensability of this work to all interested in early printing, voyages, Americana, *incunabula* and the kindred subjects treated in these pages, of which unfortunately this notice has only skimmed the surface.



Title page of the *Constituicoens de sancta Cruz de Coimbra*. (Coimbra, 1553)

From Messrs. Maggs's Catalogue—Vol. 2, "Portugal."

The sale of the library of the late John Acheli and other properties, held at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries, New York, on Friday, December 16th, 1932, realised \$13,062 for the two hundred and eighty-six lots offered. The outstanding prices were \$1,600 for Irving's "Sketch Book" (New York, 1819-20), in the original parts; Keats's "Lamia" (1820), first edition, uncut, original boards, with paper label, \$825; and Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" (Philadelphia, 1480), two volumes, cloth, \$700. Those interested in the varying fortunes of English first editions may be intrigued to learn that a first (English) edition of "The Forsyte Saga" produced \$35 (£11), and the first "When We Were Very Young" (London, 1924) declined to \$27.50. Curiously enough the large paper signed London editions of "Winnie the Pooh" and "The

House at Pooh Corner" realised \$25 and \$27.50 respectively.

The sale of the library of the late Mr. John Meade Falkner in December at Sotheby's produced over £8,000—good prices being the rule. In this connection Messrs. James Tregaskis & Son, 66, Great Russell Street, London, have distributed a slip reading:

"The late John Meade Falkner was one of our customers, and it is gratifying to see that the books which we sold him fetched about seventeen per cent. more than the prices he paid in more prosperous times. . . . As Mr. A. E. Newton says: 'At a time when money values are changing almost from hour to hour, good books afford solace and a safer investment than most.'"

Other London booksellers confirm Mr. Tregaskis's contention that Mr. Falkner's books sold at a higher figure in certain instances in which they were the suppliers. I suspect too that the book trade as a whole was well disposed and took the occasion to show its gratitude towards an old and honoured client. Some bought heartily accordingly. Some did not.

Holman's Print Shop, Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts, has sent an attractive little brochure entitled "Within the Compass of a Print Shop." Its main interest lies in the printing of two unpublished letters of John Keats in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the one addressed to Charles Cowden Clarke and the other to Keats's brother, George, then at Louisville, Kentucky.

BOOKS BEAUTIFUL

Visions of the Daughters of Albion.

By William Blake. Reproduced in facsimile from an original copy of the work printed and illuminated by the author in 1793, now in the British Museum. With a note by John Middleton Murry. 15s. (Dent.)

Tales of Hoffmann.

Illustrated by Mario Laboccetta. 21s. (Harrap.)

Iorana

A Tahitian Journal by Robert Gibbings. With wood engravings by the author. 15s. (Duckworth.)

Crotty Shinkwin and the Beauty Spot.

By A. E. Coppard. Engravings by Robert Gibbings. 21s. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

The Life of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.

By Henry Fielding. With 7 etchings on copper by Denis Tegetmeier. 30s. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

Messrs. Dent have issued another of their wonderful colour facsimiles of Blake's work, an illustration from which was reproduced in *THE CHRISTMAS BOOKMAN*. The "Visions of the Daughters of Albion" is a short work, and is not perhaps as fine as the same firm's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," but nevertheless it most certainly ranks as one of the best books of the season—if only because there is now among us no William Blake. This particular edition has a good commentary in the form of an essay by Mr. Middleton Murry. "To make the infinite finite: that for Blake was the crime of crimes." So he sums up Blake's philosophy.

The illustrator of five of the "Tales of Hoffmann" is the young Italian artist whose early work was spent on painting settings for a marionette theatre, followed by fashion designing and poster work. This early training shows itself excellently in the superb illustrations, which have about them a sense of the dramatic as well as a sense of stylised design. In a way his style slightly resembles that of Harry Clarke's "Faust."

The two Golden Cockerel books are up to the standard that we expect from this press. The "Jonathan Wild" is a very beautiful piece of book-making. Mr. Robert Gibbings, whose work this press has made known to a wide circle of connoisseurs, has for "Iorana" allowed Messrs. Duckworth to produce his work by the best modern book-making methods, owing to the necessary limitations of the hand-printed editions of the Golden Cockerel. Messrs. Duckworth are to be congratulated on a tasteful production.

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A COLLECTOR'S PIECE

Butleriana.

15s. (Nonesuch Press.)

Samuel Butler is chiefly remembered for three of his works. "Erewhon" is one of the great English satires; the autobiographical novel, "The Way of All Flesh," is an equally brilliant experiment in realism; and the posthumously published "Notebooks" are crammed from cover to cover with the humour and wisdom of this great Victorian. From an early age Butler was in the habit of jotting down in a notebook he carried on him anything he thought was worth remembering. "One's thoughts," he said in one of these notes, "fly so fast that one must shoot them; it is no use trying to put salt on their tails."

The notes grew. They were revised several times by him, and those which had been used in his published books deleted. At his death in 1902 there remained six manuscript volumes, a treasure-house of thoughts and anecdotes, wise, witty and beautiful. From these the published volume of Notes was compiled. Festing Jones drew largely on them for material for his Memoir of Butler. Nevertheless there is enough unpublished matter left to make a second "Notebooks," which is now in preparation and which will be issued shortly by Jonathan Cape.

Meanwhile Mr. A. T. Bartholomew has collected, and the Nonesuch Press has published in a limited edition a charming book of "Butleriana," which will be eagerly sought by Butler's devoted admirers. It is produced with that attention to detail and beauty of print and binding that we expect from the Nonesuch Press, and in it Mr. Bartholomew has brought together for the first time those scattered notes which collectively make up composite pictures of various people who had an influence on Butler's life. The illustrations, mostly hitherto unpublished photographs, add a vivid interest to the book.

Those who know "The Way of All Flesh" will find in these pages the living prototypes of characters in that novel. Butler's father, who "sat" for the portrait of Theobald Pontifex, appears in an account by his son and in a photograph, which sufficiently explains the difficulties that existed between them. Here too in the flesh is Ernest's garrulous landlady, Mrs. Jupp. In real life she was a Mrs. Boss, who worked for Butler's cousin and whose worldly wisdom had more than a touch of Mrs. Quickly about it. I should like to quote many of Mrs. Boss's sayings, but space forbids it. Her graphic description of a bald man must suffice. "Bald?" she said. "Why, I've seen more hair on pork."

Here too is Butler's woman friend, Miss Savage (the "Alethea" of the novel), and his three sonnets on her. Whether with good reason or not, Butler thought that she was in love with him, and these poems express at one moment his resentment, at the next his remorse, at a

situation outside his control. A variant line to one sonnet is quick with a beauty that lingers in the mind:

"Death bound me to her when he set me free."

"Butleriana" also contains Butler's affectionate tribute to his friend, Festing Jones, and his avowal that Jones helped him in his work in various ways. A delightful photograph shows Butler and Jones, most unsuitably garbed by our modern ideas, on a country ramble.

Other parts of the book deal with Butler's relations with Charles Paine Pauli—surely one of the oddest friendships ever described—and with Alfred Cathie, Butler's clerk and servant. Alfred was, Butler says, "half son, half nurse" to his master, and he gives an amusing account, illustrated by some of Alfred's remarks and letters, of the way in which he was "managed" for his own good by his servant. There are also a couple of short autobiographical essays in the book.

Only six hundred copies of "Butleriana" are issued for sale in this country. The book therefore cannot reach a very wide public. But to the collector it is a fascinating addition to the literature connected with the author of "Erewhon."

BRIAN HILL.

Catalogue Number 3 of the Orion Booksellers Ltd., 8, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, is well up to the standard of the earlier output of this house. The list of 1530 items covers atlases, maps, books of travel and voyages, of which this catalogue forms Part One only. There is an index at the close. The list is equally attractive from the historical standpoint or the geographical. The offerings range from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century.

The foot-notes are ample and informative. The outstanding item is the copy of the first edition of Ptolemy's "Cosmographia," printed at Vicenza in 1475, a small folio in a fine contemporary German binding. This, the first printed work on Geography, may be considered the starting point for all cartographical collections. The price asked is £200. There are also six editions of Mercator's atlases and numerous items of special American and general world interest, including a Proclamation of James the First forbidding the sale of ammunition to the American Indians in New England, 1622, for which £225 is desired, and a later Proclamation of Charles the First suppressing democratic government of Virginia dated 1625, £525.

As we were unable to make a certain correction to Messrs. Myers's advertisement in the January BOOKMAN, they would like us to insert the following:

Messrs. Myers & Co., of New Bond Street, London, W.1, have opened a new department for Modern First Editions under the direction of Gilbert H. Fabes, author of "Modern First Editions," "Points and Values," and other bibliographical works.

Correspondence

A Play of 1932

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN,

SIR,

May I be allowed to put in a plea for "Somebody Knows" to be remembered as one of the plays of the year 1932? I have been surprised since I first saw the play to find it mentioned so seldom, and I am at a loss to know why, for I consider it to be undoubtedly the most subtle and interesting work that has appeared on the London stage for many months. It is true that it ran for only a short time, but this was, I am sure, because Mr. Van Druten exercised a wholly admirable restraint, and allowed his dramatic situations to evolve quite organically from the characters and their relationships one with the other. Never once did Mr. Van Druten underline an effect or stress a point.

Indeed where frequently he had an opportunity to display dramatic virtuosity he preferred to damp down the situation and restrain the characters from saying the things which, though they might have drawn larger audiences, would have spoilt the admirable effect produced by a singularly finished piece of playwriting.

Yours, etc.,

GEOFFREY ROSSETTI.

University of London, S.W.7.

Henry Marten

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

SIR,

Will you please allow me to thank you for the notice of my book, "Scarlet Ladies and a Black Box," in the columns of your valuable paper.

Naturally a correction from such an eminent authority as Mr. Griffith-Davies must make one think. Up to that time I had relied entirely upon the accuracy of my ancestor's statement but, after reading Mr. Griffith-Davies's review, I not unnaturally undertook a little research work upon the question involved.

I am glad to be able to state that the result shows everybody concerned in the matter to be right.

I find both Mr. Griffith-Davies's statement and my own vouched for, in the "Trial of the Regicides," 4to (1666), pp. 247-48. Ewer, a witness at Marten's trial in 1660, observed on oath that he was present in the Painted Chamber and saw the warrant being signed. He says: "I saw a pen in Mr. Cromwell's hand, and he marked Mr. Marten in the face with it, and Mr. Marten did the like with him."

Mr. C. H. Firth, writing under "Henry Marten" in the "Dictionary of National Biography," says: "The familiar story of Marten and Cromwell inking each other's faces as the king's death-warrant was being signed rests on the authority of Marten's servant, Ewer."—"Trial of the Regicides," as before.)

Clarendon also mentions Cromwell's unseemly mirth as follows: "But Cromwell and others held him [Richard Ingoldsby] by violence; and Cromwell with a loud laughter taking his hand in his, and putting the pen between his fingers with his own hand, writ 'Richard Ingoldsby,' he making all the resistance he could," etc. etc.—"Clarendon History of the Great Rebellion." (1843.) p. 906. (Oxford University Press.)

These opinions are Royalist opinions, it is admitted, but Robert Davies senior was an avowed Royalist, and would therefore accept them.

Yours, etc.,

R. WINSTON-DAVIS DE MARRIS.

35, Great James Street,
London, W.C.1.

Mr. Griffith-Davies writes:

Henry Marten, when Charles II returned "from his travels," was imprisoned in Chepstow Castle. Mr. Southey's idea that he eked out a miserable existence in a narrow cell is quite wrong. Actually he had a range of rooms at his disposal, his wife lived with him, and he was allowed to visit one of the gentry in the locality—a Mr. Lewis, of St. Pierre.

This Mr. Lewis preserved the story of the "inking" as Marten told it to him. When the death warrant was being signed Cromwell accidentally spattered ink on Marten's face. He deliberately returned the "compliment," and left the room in a towering rage.

And when we consider Marten's character in retrospect, was not his action precisely the kind of action we should expect from a man who was a notoriously ill-tempered fellow, and whose reputation for debauchery and atheism, even during the Protectorate, was a cause for scandal among his contemporaries?

Mr. Winston-Davis de Marris's ancestor was, in my opinion, far too unkind to Cromwell, for he said: "It was common gossip in every tavern and at all the ordinaries that this Cromwell . . . when his name was written, he flicked the pen in the others' faces until their beards were covered with great gouttes of ink." Regicide though Cromwell was, he had by this time (if I may be allowed to use an Americanism), "got religion," and he never had his little joke.

The late W. Marshall Adams

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

SIR,

I am engaged on research work along the lines indicated by the late Mr. W. Marshall Adams, concerning the relationship between the "Book of the Dead" and the Great Pyramid, and would be most grateful if any of your readers could put me in touch with any relative of Mr. Adams.

Yours, etc.,

H. J. L. GARSTIN.

53, Bassett Road,
London, W.10.

December 29th, 1932.

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The Bookman's Table

A HANDBOOK ON ARNOLD BAX'S SYMPHONIES. By Robert H. Hull. 2s. net. (Murdoch.)

Arnold Bax has always paddled his own canoe, steering his course down the main stream and giving an occasional hallo to passing craft. Being a sensitive person, endowed with prodigious technical facility which seems to have been congenital, he could not but be influenced by some of the more dominant personalities that swayed growing musicians in his youth and early manhood—notably Richard Strauss and Stravinsky among composers still living—but now, in his fiftieth year, he can claim so much work bearing the authentic Bax insignia that a handbook consecrated to his symphonies is justified. Mr. Robert E. Hull's attitude is somewhat too awestruck for objectivity, but if he had lacked awe he would probably have lacked enthusiasm, and without enthusiasm it would have been impossible to undertake a task so exacting and thankless as that of annotating and attempting to describe the impalpable material which goes to the making of symphonic music. It cannot be said that this little book offers an exegesis that is profoundly illuminating, but it will be valuable to those who are already admirers of Bax's work and to those who are anxious to become better acquainted with it.

H. O.

THE LETTERS OF W. DIXON SCOTT. Edited by Mary McCrossan. 10s. 6d. (Herbert Joseph.)

The most discerning literary critic we sacrificed to the War was Dixon Scott. This selection of his Letters will be welcomed by those acquainted with his books, and after reading these vivid pages their appreciation of his gifts will increase. These have the virtues of an author's letters; his pen frolics untrammelled by the necessities of his art; at times indeed running amok, he expresses his pondered thoughts pell-mell before he arrests himself with a jerk, and passes to banalities.

This is a book of friendships. Scott had the gift of loving and hating—finicky insincerities were not his. To his friends he wholeheartedly reveals—sometimes we feel at inordinate length—his moods, hopes, fears, complaints and successes. Honoured names flit across the pages—H. G. Wells, Bennett, Max, G. K. C. (we are given a full-sized word-portrait of him in 1908), Henry James, C. E. Montague and W. B. Yeats. He discovers pleasing novels—"Clayhanger," "Harry Richmond," "Lot Barrow." But what charms us is his joy in the simplicities of life—horses or camping or clouds, or visits to doctors.

The climax Scott worked for is unrecorded here: the publication of a worthy book. Just when he seemed about to enter the Palace he writes of, the Fury came and work for the Ordnance Department of the Artillery absorbed his

energies. He died at Lemnos, near the Dardanelles, three weeks after landing, in October, 1915.

His earliest work suffered from immaturity. Two small books on Liverpool and Stratford—"townscapes" he called them—appeared before the War. Two collections of his work were made posthumously—"A Number of Things," containing occasional essays, and "Men of Letters," the critical studies which first appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* and *Manchester Guardian*. These letters, carefully edited by a close friend and introduced by another, Lascelles Abercrombie, reveal the personality behind these books, and their attraction to the general reader. They are written with a quality lacking in much literature to-day—gusto.

MEMOIRS OF COMTE ALEXANDRE DE TILLY. 18s. (Gollancz.)

These Memoirs, which make so late an appearance in English, are sure to be of general interest from the very fact that they belong to the days immediately pre-

ceding the French Revolution, and give a vivid picture of that charming, careless and ever fascinating society. The vivacity and frankness of the author, and indeed the very fact that often the wits he introduces us to are dull, and the Queen, though regal, not the pretty doll of legend make, add, even by disappointing us, to our belief in the author and the genuineness of the Memoirs. The book is admirably prefaced by Mr. Havelock Ellis, who traces the fate of the manuscript and explains lucidly the doubts which have been cast upon the author. But although one may be surprised at all lack of evidence from outside sources that he was accepted in the high circles of which he writes, our doubts are dispelled as soon as we read his own work. Although his very frankness in relating his numerous amours may entertain for a while, the artificiality makes them become monotonous, and the real interest of the book remains in its sidelights on the important personages the author has met. They are not numerous nor startling, but certainly enough to make us wonder that this book has so long been left untranslated, and to put us heavily in Mr. Havelock Ellis's debt.

PASSAGE THROUGH THE PRESENT. By George Buchanan. 5s. net. (Constable.)

Even the palettes of some painters are said to be beautiful. This book is the equivalent of a beautiful, or at any rate a stimulating palette. It is called a diary, but it reads like the irrelevant material left over from a lively novel. There are pleasant descriptions of landscape and of London streets, interspersed with abrupt epigram, such as: "Poets eat up loveliness like a diet." Some of the sketches are almost short stories, and the imagined or remembered conversations are amusing. Other descriptions are as brief and isolated as: "She wore black velvet with a gold stripe—clad like a wild bee."



The Panther attracting animals by the sweetness of its breath.

(Twelfth century.)

From "*Animal Lore in English Literature*," by P. Ansell Robin (John Murray).

There are several interludes of verse, some of which is light, and some obscure. The publisher's statement that Mr. Buchanan makes his points by implication rather than argument is true, and the tone of the whole is detached and agreeably cynical.

THE LIFE OF EMPEROR CHARLES OF AUSTRIA. By Herbert Vivian. 18s. (Grayson.)

After the Great War was concluded, people had little time except to try and look after their own interests without troubling overmuch about their neighbours, and the consequent muddle arising from ignorance, uninformed idealism and selfishness has provided difficulties enough to prevent any general or well-informed study of the last reigning Habsburg. Too often it has been easily assumed that he was a weak monarch, too young and too inexperienced to face the problems of his huge Empire, and a comparatively negligible if pitiable figure—certainly not one with as strong views on reform and Central European policy as Archduke Franz Ferdinand. A sympathetic and well-informed biography was overdue, but this Mr. Herbert Vivian has supplied.

The extraordinary military gifts of the Archduke when serving on the Italian front and when repulsing the Rumanian army, and his statesmanlike and reasonable striving for peace, are brought out with admirable clarity and full appreciation of the tragedy of their unfulfilment. Also the difficulties with which this young Emperor was faced in the complicated internal politics of his vast Empire, their obstruction through timidity of the politicians and the divided interests of Austria and Hungary until it was too late for them to be efficacious, are also shown in their full strength and number. Only here the devotion and hero-worship with which Mr. Vivian regards the Emperor leads him to deal with matters entirely from the Austrian point of view, and consequently into a lack of fairness toward Hungary—a state independent and jealous of Austria and with every right to be so. To draw the parallel between England and Ireland is to confuse the issues entirely. One can justly accuse Hungary of short-sightedness, but a fuller and fairer statement of her point of view would have strengthened Mr. Vivian's case. Also his use of "superman" regarding the Emperor, and his occasionally melodramatic bursts of loyal writing, are less effective than a calmer history would have been.

The integrity, cleverness and wisdom of this monarch do not need such special pleading, and when set against the dark background of the rascality and corruption of the new republics which sprouted up, this Habsburg and the rule of the dynasty stand out as thoroughly justified and admirable, whatever their faults may have been.

The personal tragedy of the exiled Emperor, hurriedly and ignominiously hustled off the scenes by Allies uncertain of what they did want, is movingly told, and should ensure this book a large sale amongst those who are not so greatly interested in politics as the epic tragedies which history still presents to us.

A FITZGERALD FRIENDSHIP. By Neilson Campbell Hannay, B.D., Ph.D. 2s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Mr. Campbell here publishes sixty letters of Edward Fitzgerald which have hitherto been unknown. They were nearly all written to his friend, William Bodham Donne, and display his steady affection, charming style and quiet humour, without adding in any way to our previous knowledge of him. Though students of the period or of the writer will welcome the publication of any of his letters, the general reader's interest will probably be confined to Fitzgerald's opinions on Thackeray, Scott, Blake, Carlyle and Tennyson. Certainly this recluse attained no provincialism through his retreat from most activities, but rather an aloofness, which is apparent in the quietness and justice of his judgment. There were few contemporaries who could write that Carlyle had headed and tailed an article "in his peculiar tasty way," or that "I have also got Blake's book of Job for you to see; terrible, awful and wonderful."

Also those who are interested in the stage of that day are certain to find much interest in Fitzgerald's gossip about the actors and pieces which he had seen.

LE MOT JUSTE.

By J. G. Anderson. 15s. (Dent.)

We have no satisfactory French-English dictionary. Adair's "Nouveau Lexique," which we reviewed some time ago, is a first step in the right direction, but it does not claim to be complete. Mr. Anderson, one of the veterans of modern language teaching, now makes another step forward. For years he has been collecting words that are fatally alike, although very different in meaning, in the two languages. The fact that this book contains nearly 400 pages shows how difficult in reality French may prove. Is it a wonder then that few newspapers can print correctly the shortest French phrase? Under one alphabet Mr. Anderson has printed all the words in both languages which need care in translation. How differently the French and English look at colours can be discovered by looking up such words as blue, brown and purple. All the different meanings of "ball" are given; how many know the difference between *la balle* and *le boulet*? Or again between *le coutelas* and cutlass, or *le curé* and curate. No one who has surmounted the first stages of French should fail to obtain this essential work.

DE V. P.-P.

INDIA AND MR. GANDHI

Entertaining Gandhi.

By Muriel Lester. 5s. (Nicholson & Watson.)

Mahatma Gandhi.

By Kanu Desai. Rs.3. (Bombay: Taraporevala.)

The Indian Riddle.

By John Coatman. 2s. 6d. (Toulmin.)

Mr. Laurence Housman, when welcoming Mr. Gandhi to England, said "You are a strange man." No one who has come across Mr. Gandhi can deny that. The literary world has been flooded with scores of books about him but still he escapes us. His personality cannot be caught in its entirety and put in black and-white.

Miss Muriel Lester has endeavoured in her own way to give us a glimpse of Mr. Gandhi as he impressed her. She has done it very well, but all the same the feeling remains that even she, intimately acquainted with him as she is, has failed to portray him completely. The book reads like a novel of an extraordinary man who chose the East End instead of the West End, Kingsley Hall instead of Dorchester Hotel. But the spirit behind it compels us to admire him. Miss Lester has also made an impassioned appeal to the British on behalf of Indian Freedom. The book is very readable.

"Mahatma Gandhi" by Mr. Kanu Desai, is entirely different in tone. It contains, as he calls it, sketches in pen, pencil and brush. There is also an essay about Mr. Gandhi by Verrier Elwin who confesses that he has tried to portray Mr. Gandhi "in the forms in which he has touched my heart and helped me."

The pictures are very good. They are thirteen in number and show perfect art. Mr. Desai has also demonstrated that the art of East and West can be perfectly blended to produce a harmonious whole. In that sense his picture of "East and West" is superb. But my favourite is "Lead, Kindly Light." It is admirably executed—a lonely man on a lonely road.

Many people would quarrel about the statement "India and Gandhi are the same." But Mr. Coatman has tried to show in his book, "The Indian Riddle," that India without its nationalistic movement is nothing. He knows his subject, having been intimately connected with the Indian Government for a long time. He deplores the British lack of interest in Indian affairs and has put before the public a concise book about the present day Indian politics. His appeal to the British and the Indian public "to carry our joint talk through to its completion," must not be disregarded especially in view of the gravity of the situation.

D. L.

ADVENTURES IN ALL LATITUDES

Kabluk of the Eskimo.

By Lowell Thomas. 10s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

From Jungle to Jutland.

By Claude Wallace. 16s. (Nisbet.)

Twenty Years in Tibet.

By David Macdonald. 18s. (Seeley, Service.)

Recent Heroes of Modern Adventure.

By T. C. Bridges and Hessel Tiltman. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The Eskimos called him Kabluk. Among the white men he was Louis Romanet. He was a lieutenant in the French Army until he was lured from Paris by the Aurora Borealis into the far North. He joined a fur trading company in Quebec, and his dream was realised when in due course he was sent to a lonely outpost near the Arctic shores. While there he healed the daughter of Akpek, the Eskimo chief, and the latter's gratitude developed into an indissoluble bond of friendship.

Akpek's tribe received him, not as a stranger, but as one of themselves. During the years which he spent with them, he lived their life and shared in their fortunes and misfortunes, in their hunting expeditions and travels over the ice and snow. His relations with them are described with a sensitive understanding which casts a flood of light on the Eskimo character and habits.

Mr. Thomas describes his friendship with Akpek as "the Damon and Pythias theme transferred to the dim hyperboreal North, a David and Jonathan tale set in a distant world of ice, igloos, and giant hunts." This quotation reveals the essence of a book which is a worthy successor to Mr. Thomas's previous one on Lauterbach. Its picture of man in perpetual battle with relentless elemental forces make civilisation appear a shade unreal, its perils and perplexities a trifle foolish.

The unknown called to Major Wallace from the South. He was sent out to Africa on an economic mission, but one gets the impression that, if he had not been sent, he would have gone in any case. A man who, after an exceptionally disastrous venture on the Island of Casanga, can write, "The island and its sinister history, the wash of the surf on its reefs and the cries of its seabirds call me still," is a born romantic.

The typically English combination of romanticism and practicality goes far to explain the otherwise unaccountable fact of the British Empire. When this combination becomes articulate, one looks for just such a book as is Major Wallace's. Hairbreadth escapes from cannibals, witch doctors and wild beasts are mixed up with the staid duties of extending Britain's economic interests in Africa. The whole is soaked in a sinister atmosphere of mystery and magic; and always in the background one feels the brooding presence of the gloomy, devil-peopled jungle.

At the outbreak of the War Major Wallace returned to Europe, and had the unique experience of being the only soldier present at the Battle of Jutland. He gives a vivid and fascinating description of the action, which he witnessed from the maintop of the *St. Vincent*.

I turned eagerly to Mr. Macdonald's book, hoping that the legendary and mysterious land of the Lamas would at last be made real to me without losing its fascination. My hopes were extravagant no doubt, but on the surface Mr. Macdonald appeared to be the right person to work the miracle. Not only has his experience of the country been vast, but he is related to the Tibetans by birth.

It was not long, however, before I found myself stumbling in a chaos of irrelevant details. Mr. Macdonald does not possess the power of selection. What, for instance, is one to make of a man who, having said that the hardships of the journey were "more than compensated for by the grandeur of the scenery," makes no attempt to describe the scenery but writes interminably of the hardships?

The book is a vast storehouse of facts and observations. But this, however valuable it may be within limits, is not enough. The essential quality of a country cannot be grasped except through the imagination, and a lack of

imagination is Mr. Macdonald's one outstanding characteristic. At the end I turned back to the foreword contributed by the Earl of Lytton, and, in three short pages, all the mystery and magic of Tibet were restored.

Messrs. Bridges and Tiltman's book is a totally different proposition. They are skilled writers who know how to make the best of their material, and their material itself appears to be inexhaustible. This is the third volume which they have published on modern adventurers, yet it is as well stocked and as thrilling as its predecessors.

In this volume we are again whisked bewilderingly to every point of the compass, to every altitude and depth in turn. Mr. F. S. Smythe aspired to reach the summit of Kanchenjunga; Major Hingston sat perilously in a cradle in tropical tree-tops to observe bird and insect life; Petty-Officer Willis endured heroically at the bottom of the China Sea; Ronald Monson did an incredible and fantastic tramp from Cape to Cairo, and Alain Gerbault an equally fantastic lone voyage round the world. Sir Malcolm Campbell's performances are in a slightly different category. He is a pioneer of a new form of exploration, an exploration in the dimension of time rather than of space.

My one criticism is that the book makes no mention of Professor Piccard's ascent into the stratosphere. Perhaps it came too late to be included. If so, I hope that Messrs. Bridges and Tiltman will deal with it in a later volume. For Professor Piccard, like Sir Malcolm Campbell, is a pioneer of a new kind of exploration which eventually may lead man's footsteps to the distant stars.

KENNETH STOCKS.

REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIES

A Princess in Exile.

By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. 16s. (Cassell.)

The Real Romanovs.

By Gleb Botkin. (Putnams.)

War Memories.

By Princess Marie de Croÿ. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

What a Life!

By Doris Arthur Jones. 10s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

When the future student of social history, researching among the contemporary memoirs of the twentieth century, alights on the first two of these four books, what, I wonder, will be his reflections on the absorption of these former members of the old Russian regime by America? To the present-day reader one of the chief interests of the books is the way in which the writers, after a period of inaction following the collapse of the civilisation in which they had been bred, gradually adapted themselves to a world utterly different. And in both cases the new world is America. Another hundred years, and what changes will then be overtaking the new world to which they fled and the still newer world from which they escaped with such difficulty? Perhaps America and the new Russia itself will then both seem old.

However that may be, the record of their flight and their struggle for a new existence is an interesting one; particularly, from this point of view, "A Princess in Exile," which, being the second volume of the writer's autobiography, is naturally concerned principally with her own reactions. She describes her first three years of exile as a time of sleep-walking, when she lived among other Russian exiles, unable to believe that the old Russia had really gone for ever. Then, from working for charitable purposes for the sake of the Russian *émigrés*, she came to working for her own sake. She met the famous Parisian dressmaker, Chanel, offered to make embroideries for her, and was soon the proprietress of her own embroidery factory, which she called "Kitmir." These activities came to an end with the passing of the fashion for Russian embroidery, but her commercial ambition was aroused and this second volume ends with her departure for America for new enterprises. One feels that her marriage with her second

husband, even her affecting meetings with the son of her first marriage, Lennart, the grandson of the King of Sweden (recently married in London), are only incidents in her search for a new and active existence.

Mr. Botkin's account of the last days of the Romanovs is also a record of his gradually awakening criticism of the traditional loyalty in which he had been brought up. His father was Court physician and he himself shared the imprisonment of the Russian Imperial family at Tobolsk. He was then only a boy, and a companion to the young Grand Duchesses. When the family was removed to Ekaterinburg he attempted to follow them, and eventually reached there not many days after the secret assassinations, in which his father also succumbed. Mr. Botkin is now settled in America, but his connection with the Imperial family has been continued by the strange appearance in Germany of "Madame Tschaikowsky," whom he firmly believes to be the youngest Grand Duchess, Anastasia, said to have been saved by a Bolshevik soldier. His championship of Madame Tschaikowsky's claim brought him again to Europe and his record of the inquiry into this extraordinary story will be read by anyone in the future who interests himself in the fate of the last Romanovs.

In the "War Memories" of Princess de Croÿ there is no violent division between the past and present. The book is a diary of the four years of war when the Château de Bellignies, where she lived with her mother and brother, became part of occupied territory. German, English and French soldiers were nursed there, but it soon became the head-quarters of a far more dangerous service to the Allied armies: a sanctuary for French and English soldiers lost behind the enemy lines. The Princess and her brother worked in collaboration with Nurse Cavell in Brussels to secure the escape of numbers of English officers and men into Holland. The stories of these escapes are exciting and heroic reading. The Princess shared the trial of Nurse Cavell in Brussels, which she describes in detail, but more fortunate than she, was sentenced to imprisonment in Germany, where she remained until the end of the War.

After three such stirring records as these, "What a Life!" might be described as a fairly quiet one; but it is for precisely this reason that Mr. Somerset Maugham praises it in his amusing preface. He thinks it is valuable not for any account the author can give of celebrities she has met but because it is an unvarnished account of "a very ordinary life." It is true that the writer's only revolutionary act seems to have been her runaway marriage at the age of sixteen in defiance of her father, the dramatist Henry Arthur Jones. Her autobiography is, however, a high-spirited, vivacious and entertaining book.

DAPHNE SHELMEKDINE.

FRONTIERS.

By Sir George Dunbar, Bart. 16s. net. (Nicholson & Watson.)

In the present condition of our Indian affairs, this book should be, and doubtless will be, widely read and pondered. It is written by a very distinguished author who, at the risk of his own health and life, has now gained first-hand knowledge of the territories forming the northern boundaries of our Indian Empire, and whose military training and experience throw valuable light on many of the problems affecting those frontiers.

A warning note is sounded in the last sentence of the preface. Sir George tells us that:

"The problem of Frontier defence has not been made any easier by present conditions in India and the Indianisation of the Services. The small extent to which I was concerned in the Round Table Conference gave me sufficient grounds to realise the difficulties that the future may have in store for us."

Sir George writes calmly, with a judicial absence of prejudice of any kind and altogether in a manner which calls for serious attention. He states facts and draws from them only closely reasoned conclusions.

Mentioning the large number of books which recently have been written about the situation in India, he comments that few of their authors lay any stress on the fact that an overwhelming majority of the people of India have no views whatever beyond their crops and water supply, the prices they pay for the necessities of life, their dealings with that ever present evil—the local money-lender—and domestic events under the family roof. "The number of people in India who have never even heard of a Provincial Legislative Council would surprise nearly everyone who has not had the experience of an ordinary district officer. . . . Out of every hundred of the 247 million people of British India not more than twenty men and three women, on the most liberal estimate, can either read or write. This includes the appreciable number of men who have received some education in the Indian Army." So much for Indian "public opinion." And further: "Congress may sow dragon's teeth, but it cannot make an All-Indian Army rise miraculously at its command, capable of holding the frontiers. Failure to hold them, and this is not an alarmist view, would mean invasion, chaos, and anarchy throughout India, which British rule, however much criticised it may be in some quarters, now makes impossible."

The reviewer asks to be pardoned for thus making so many lengthy and detailed quotations, on the ground that not only what Sir George Dunbar has said, but the very manner of his saying it, are equally important in this important book.

GORDON ROSS.

GOOD HUNTING ALL!

The Lonsdale Anthology of Sporting Prose and Verse.
Edited by Eric Parker.

Hounds and Dogs: Their Care, Training and Working.
Edited by A. Croxton Smith.
The Lonsdale Library. Vols. 12 and 13. 10s. 6d. each.
(Seeley, Service.)

A'Hunting We Will Go.
By Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke. 10s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

Of the many series now available none surely could be more attractive, or more practically rewarding to sportsmen (of both sexes) and lovers of outdoor life, than the "Lonsdale Library."

Alike in form and content, in their style, their illustration, and in the tact and skill with which the series is edited, these handsome volumes are worthy of the master sportsman of Lowther Castle, whose affectionately esteemed name they bear, and by whom they are dedicated to the Prince of Wales.

Tall and comely, they are surprisingly inexpensive, (leather, 15s.; buckram, 10s. 6d.), and pleasant to handle at the table. Withal, sportsmen will register gratitude to the publishers for their discernment in making books so full and comprehensive available also in pocket size—10s. 6d. leather, and 7s. 6d. cloth—a boon for all who like to read, as well as play, in the open air, and to be able to slip one or two favoured books into haversack or suit-case.

Mr. Eric Parker, the editor (of the Library and of *The Field*), has chosen well his twelfth and thirteenth volumes. From its coloured frontispiece: "A Run With the Quorn, 1815," to its exceptionally efficient indices, the new sporting anthology is richly satisfying; not just a banquet, but a larder and storehouse of choice literary meat and drink, of which one would say there could not be a yawn or a headache in a hogshead of it.

There never was, and in the nature of things there probably never will be an anthology that omits no good things. Some may express surprise that this one, including as it does, apart from bigger fields like hunting, shooting and angling, such categories as polo, tennis, pig-sticking,

archery and skating, not to mention fives and billiards, yet omits motoring (land and water), aviation, hawking and falconry; and that its brief section on athletics ignores running, walking and hurdling. What is perhaps more marked—one pictures an embarrassed editor almost tearfully jettisoning this and that tempting theme under the remorseless pressure of space limitation—is the omission of all that considerable slice of literature, verse and prose, which is concerned with dogs, as such, not to mention such special fields as greyhound and whippet racing, hound trailing, sheepdog trials, dog fights and dogs' life-saving achievements. But all that this delightful book does contain, without reserve or exception, is good fare; stimulating, nutritive, memory-building stuff, and a generous measure of it.

And where our friend the dog is concerned, let all who miss him in Vol. XII, turn forthwith to Vol. XIII of the Library: perhaps the best, fullest and most authoritative work on sporting hounds and dogs produced in our time.

Doggy readers need no telling that Mr. Croxton Smith is what seamen call an extra-master of this subject. One reader who knows all his previous work can testify that into this volume he has packed the cream of a life's study and experience of sporting dogs. It hardly would be possible to exaggerate the practical value and deep interest of this expertly informed work for all dog-owners, and most notably of course for those who know the subtle joys of canine-human partnership in any form of sport, all the way from hunting and shooting to ratting, rabbiting and hedge-foraging. As contributors to his opus Mr. Croxton Smith has been fortunate in securing the collaboration of many such eminent authorities as the Duchess of Newcastle, Baroness Burton, Lorna Countess Howe, the late Major Heseltine, the Duke of Montrose, Major M. Barclay, Captain G. Blaine, Sir James Wilson and Major Ollivant, among others. The book is fully illustrated, and is likely to remain the standard work in its field for many a day—a real treasure for the kennel shelves.

If the reviewer's recollection does not betray him, the author of Vol. I of the Lonsdale Library: "Horsemanship," was Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke. An already proved horse-master, he now takes rank as a sporting novelist in the Whyte-Melville tradition. His "A' Hunting We Will Go," is a fine, rollicking open-air yarn, most appealingly illustrated, as human as Mr. Sassoon's famous "Memoirs," and as rich in incident and atmosphere of the hunt as Mr. Jorrocks himself could have desired. Love and friendship, humour and high spirits play their kindly part in it, and throughout its jolly pages one savours the clean, tonic stimulus of a southerly wind and a cloudy sky—a choice gift for men, women and children.

MAJOR A. J. DAWSON.

EXPLORATION

Northern Lights.

By F. Spencer Chapman. 18s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Peaks, Passes and Glaciers.

By Members of the Alpine Club. 15s. (Methuen.)

Alps and Men.

By G. R. de Beer. 16s. (Arnold.)

Kamet Conquered.

By F. S. Smythe. 16s. (Gollancz.)

In exploration Britain still does well. Not only are there the brilliant individuals, like Mr. F. S. Smythe. There are also some magnificent teams, among them none better than that brought together for the British Arctic Air Route Expedition to Greenland.

Though still a young man Mr. Smythe already has two notable feats to his credit. After climbing Kanchenjunga he led a party successfully to the assault of Kamet; and in "Kamet Conquered" he tells a vivid story of that heroic exploit in the Himalaya. His style is not every

man's meat—personally I find the highfalutin phrase at times rather sickening—but with this limitation his book is as good as any recent book on mountain climbing.

Although the conquest of Kamet was made by a team and resulted in some small additions to scientific knowledge, it was essentially an individual's enterprise, with no end save that of adventure. The Greenland Expedition on the other hand was undertaken with the definite object of surveying the route for an air service across the Arctic from Great Britain to Canada; and although it does not seem so far to have been able to make any definitely favourable report, its every step has been directed to some distantly or immediately practical end.

Its official record, here presented by Mr. Chapman and his companions, is consequently in every way a more businesslike, straightforward (and thereby readable) book than Mr. Smythe's. The "official" need deter no one. For when "official" business includes such features as five months alone on the Greenland Ice Cap and learning to turn somersaults in an Eskimo canoe, its record cannot but be interesting. Mr. Chapman is to be congratulated on this excellent story of an excellent piece of work. It is illustrated with some good photographs taken from the film made by the expedition.

"Peaks, Passes and Glaciers" and "Alps and Men" present the two faces of Switzerland. "Peaks, Passes and Glaciers," third in the series of the same name which began two years after the formation of the Alpine Club in 1857, is a selection from the *Alpine Journal* of great climbers' first records of their climbs. Though primarily addressed to alpinists, they include many narratives—fresh as the narratives of men unaccustomed to writing often are—of more general interest.

"Alps and Men" is an informal story of Switzerland from 1750 to 1850, made in part from obscure diaries of the period and illustrated by contemporary etchings and photographs. Along with a picture of Switzerland it gives many sidelights on notable travellers who made Switzerland a temporary home—Byron, Goethe and Liszt among them.

W. H. HINDLE.

ART AND COMMONSENSE. By S. C. Kaines-Smith. 6s. (Medici Society.)

Asked what was meant by certain of his paintings, an artist once replied that he had painted them with the principal object of showing what he meant. Which is of course the inevitable retort to any attempt to explain painting or sculpture, or indeed any of the arts, in terms of anything else.

But granted the apparent necessity of such explanation, there have been few books, small or large, purporting to explain modern art better than this.

Mr. Kaines-Smith is concerned not so much with the nature of a work of art rather than the method of approach and attitude of mind towards it, and since it is the custom to consider any work of art more than forty years old sufficiently remote to be "understood," it is for the art of our time that he seeks to offer a justification or method of approach necessary to its better understanding. Such good and lucid sense is it that one finds oneself nodding complacent agreement at almost every issue.

ALL THINGS LOVELY. By May Belben. 2s. 6d. (Bournemouth: Mate.)

Delightfully produced and with the most attractive little landscapes, Mrs. Belben's latest book is one of fugitive essays on a variety of subjects: "Waste," "Sympathy," "Power," "How to be Gentle," "The Eternity of Words," etc. etc. They reflect a real sensitivity to the beauties of nature combined with a thoroughly practical viewpoint. We were greatly interested to see her tribute to the late St. John Adcock.

For the Writers of To-Morrow

READING TO WRITE

By Alfred Dunning

I hope you are not among those young writers who study books on journalism and nothing else. I know most of these books, many of which are really helpful, and I cannot recall one which fails to advise the aspiring writer to read widely and deeply. Yet many enthusiasts ignore this advice as something pedantic, while remembering all about journalistic details of lesser importance.

I know that the urge to write is often more compelling than the urge to read. I know too, that there does not appear to be much connection between, say, Addison's Essays and the selling of an article on painted lamp-shades. I will even admit that the latter could be written by one who had never heard of Addison, provided he knew all about lamp-shades. But it is most unlikely that such a one could go on writing for long unless he took steps to extend his acquaintance with English literature.

It is a matter of "input" and "output." Ideas stimulate ideas. The wider and deeper you read, the more and the better you write. There is no suggestion of plagiarism in this, of course—heaven forbid! But it is a matter of common sense that contact with other minds and imaginations sets your own to work. It is no bad plan, then, when you find yourself dry of ideas, to take down your Lamb or your Boswell, your Keats or your Pepys and spend an hour with him. Far from being ruined by delay, your prospects of literary success will be one degree brighter.

I know this sounds rather trite. It smacks of the Story-with-a-Moral. To help you to realise that it is more than this (if indeed you need any such help), I send you to Stevenson's "The Art of Writing," and commend to your notice the chapter on "Books Which Have Influenced Me."

If you read this, or indeed any other chapter of Stevenson, you will find another reason for making the classics part of your literary life. You will discover how much they can help you to attain "style." The style of certain standard books may not be that of the articles in the *Daily Comet*, but to object on such grounds is to quibble. The economy of phrase, the balance of story and the choice of words in many great works, should be a constant source of delight and encouragement to young writers who mean to succeed.

But to spend all, or even most of your reading time on standard books is not advisable. You *must* be up to date with your facts. To refer to Spain as a kingdom, for example, will not be regarded by a busy editor as a slip of the pen. Even your sea stories will need steersman's directions differing from those of a few weeks ago, if they are to be up to date. What those differences are should provide you with a useful test of your own ability to march with the times.

For keeping up with modern changes, a newspaper or, better still, newspapers, will be essential. Read them of course, with one eye on their make-up and general "requirements," but keep the other open for information, changes of all kinds, developments, ways of thought and, in short, "news."

To your newspapers you would be wise to add one or more of those weeklies which present a digest of the more important or unusual topics of the past week. Don't shun them because they rarely deal with their news in headlines. And don't be afraid to read matter in which you have no particular personal interest. For, remember, your ultimate aim is to please a public rather than yourself.

There is yet another field of reading which you should try, in part at least, to explore. This is the one of modern books. In approaching it I should suggest that you aim first at fact, leaving fiction to take a secondary place in your reading. There can be no hard-and-fast rule about this of course, and it may be that by reversing the order, and giving pride of place to fiction, you will gain more than otherwise. Something depends upon the general type of work you are doing. Personally, however, I should be inclined to read as many works as possible in travel, discovery, biography and history, together with every book I could obtain which dealt with the unusual and out of the common. In this connection, a glance back at the symposium, "Books They Have Read," in the Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN, would be worth your while.

And now you should have reading enough to see this New Year out. In a short time you will be cheerfully breaking most of your resolutions. When the debris is cleared, why not reaffirm this one as a survivor—that in the process of turning "To-morrow" into "To-day" as a time for literary success, at least two books—one classic and one modern—shall be read *and known* every month this year. I assure you it can only be done to your great profit.

Books to Note

"The Art of Writing," by R. L. Stevenson.

"Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (for 1933), containing, among other things, a useful list of books on various aspects of writing, for addition to your "technical" shelf.

Competition

Have you the gift of humour? Quote briefly some item of recent news suited to the purpose, and write a short skit around it. Aim at subtlety, but do not achieve obscurity in the process.

RESULTS OF SPECIAL COMPETITION

A FIRST PRIZE of £10 10s. ; a SECOND PRIZE of £5 5s. ; a THIRD PRIZE of a Volume of Barrie's Collected Poems, were offered for the best three essays received from any competitor under 19 years of age on one of the following subjects:

1. The entry of the Wooden Horse into Troy.
2. The removal of the Mace by Cromwell at the end of the Long Parliament.

and the following awards have been made:

TEN GUINEAS to B. E. V. Sabine, 128, Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury, Manchester, for the following:

SIEGE OF TROY RAISED.

GREEK SACRED OFFERING WITHIN TROJAN WALLS.

TRAGIC DEATH OF HIGH PRIEST OF NEPTUNE.

(From our own correspondent, Troy.)

I can now definitely report that after a ten years' siege the Greeks have evacuated their camp and sailed for Mycenæ. Some startling incidents have followed this evacuation.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

When I arrived at the deserted camp, the attention of the Trojans was centred upon an immense wooden horse, said to be dedicated to Minerva to ensure a safe voyage. Some advocated its destruction; others opposed this course.

Laocoon, the high priest of Neptune, whose attitude was reputed to be due to his conservatism and fear of popular religion, said, in his usual incisive manner, that he feared the Greeks even when they brought gifts, and defiantly hurled his spear at the horse.

SINON'S STORY.

While opinions were still divided, a Greek deserter named Sinon was captured; he explained that religious scruples had forced the Greeks to embark, but that they intended to return unexpectedly after propitiating the angry gods. He added that the destruction of Troy would inevitably follow the demolition of the horse; but that if it were preserved within the Trojan walls, the Greeks would suffer defeat.

DEATH OF LAOCOON.

This explanation received awful corroboration with the death of Laocoon who, it was reported, was killed by two snakes which actually swam from the island of Tenedos. The details of his death have not been confirmed; but it is certain that the incident produced a complete reversal of opinion; and it is generally agreed that his death was the penalty for his blasphemous conduct with regard to the sacred horse.

ENTRY OF THE HORSE.

Public feeling was now almost unanimously in favour of bringing the horse within the walls. A universal holiday was proclaimed; the temples were wreathed in festive garlands. A breach was made in those ramparts which for ten long years had resisted the furious assaults of the Greeks. Every man lent his aid; rollers were placed beneath the mighty bulk, and ropes attached to it. Its triumphant progress was attended by youths and maidens who considered it an honour merely to touch the ropes. Four times it stopped on the very threshold of the gate, and each time a clashing of metal came from within; obviously some of the rivets or plating, which secured and strengthened the timber, had worked loose.

CASSANDRA.

A painful incident marred this impressive ceremony. The Princess Cassandra, who was watching the procession, became hysterical, and screamed frenziedly that the doom of Troy was imminent; but not so much apprehension was caused as might be expected, since her mournful prophecies are attributable to her disturbed mental condition. The rest of the day was devoted to mirth and revelry, while the horse remained within the sacred citadel: and, as I write, night is falling upon a city exhausted by the events of what must be the most momentous day in the history of Troy.

FIVE GUINEAS to R. V. Musman, Dakyn's House, Clifton College, Bristol, for the following:

THE TROJAN WAR.

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN ASIA MINOR.

GREEKS ABANDONING THE SIEGE?

It is now believed here that the withdrawal of the Greeks (already reported) is final, and that only adverse weather conditions prevented them from putting to sea earlier.

This morning the gates of Troy were again opened, and the overjoyed inhabitants flocked out to view the enemy's deserted camp and search for souvenirs. A certain amount of bickering ensued; but eventually chief interest centred in a strange object, too vast to be carried away unobtrusively, and proceedings developed into a debate as to its disposal. This was an effigy in wood of a horse, far greater in size than any example of the species, and the claim to its possession put in by the man who first reached it was hotly disputed. A fracas seemed imminent when the arrival of a prisoner who had surrendered to some shepherds in the neighbourhood saved the situation.

This man who, according to his own account, had suffered injury at the hands of his fellow-countrymen, declared

himself ready to assist his captors with information regarding all things Greek, and readily answered questions concerning the wooden horse. It had, he declared, been constructed to appease the wrath of Minerva, and ought, he considered, to be taken into the city, unharmed, even at the expense of demolishing a part of the walls. If it were then placed in the citadel, he asserted with some emphasis, its power for evil, originally aimed at the Trojans, would react against its makers.

His Majesty, King Priam, on learning this, gave orders for a length of wall by the Scæan Gate to be demolished, and the huge effigy was hauled within and placed in the citadel. But the work was not carried out without a hitch. On four occasions during its passage unseen obstructions temporarily barred the horse's progress, and the superstitious were ready to see evil omens in each stoppage; but their warnings were unheeded.

In this connection one incident is worthy of mention. A well-known priest, Laocoon, showed himself so strongly averse to taking the horse within the city that he went to the length of hurling a spear at it, hitting it fairly in the middle. The strange sound that followed the impact was the cause of some comment, but was quickly forgotten in the ensuing tragedy. For two sea serpents immediately came ashore and devoured both the priest and his family, subsequently making their way to Minerva's temple, where they took sanctuary against possible vengeance.

Troy is now *en fête*. Preparations are in hand for a great banquet to celebrate the occasion, the guard has been relieved and wine is already flowing freely. In fact, signs are not lacking that the Trojans are losing their heads, and it is not improbable that this will result in further complications before to-morrow morning.

A volume of Barrie's Collected Plays to G. Gascoyne, 28, Poole Road, Sheffield, for the following:

END OF ENGLAND'S LONGEST PARLIAMENT!

AMAZING SCENES IN THE HOUSE!

London, *Thursday*. (By our Special Correspondent.)

General Cromwell threw all London into ferment this morning when he peremptorily compelled Parliament to leave the house. It was thought, in view of the agreement to shelve the Partial Elections Bill, that the dispute between the parties was in a fair way to becoming settled, but early this morning the General received a message from Major-Gen. Harrison to the effect that "that infamous Partial Elections Bill" was once more before the House.

General Cromwell immediately proceeded to the House, waiting only long enough to order out a company of musketeers from his own regiment. Evidence of his haste was afforded by the fact that he had even neglected to change his indoor dress. The news of his arrival spread quickly, and soon a large crowd outside the House were discussing the probable actions of the General. Not even their wildest guess approached the reality. The General sat quietly through the earlier debating, but after a time began to move restlessly in his seat, and several times his impatience was only curbed by the hand of Major-Gen. Harrison (who, it will be remembered, was offered Cromwell's command a few days ago).

It was patent to all that the General was provoked by the "treachery" of Sir Henry Vane, and the position grew more tense each second.

Finally the Speaker rose to put the question "That this Bill do pass!"

As he heard these words General Cromwell shook his head impatiently, as if in answer to some remark of Major-Gen. Harrison's.

Removing his hat and standing quietly in his place, the General delivered an address so vitriolic that loud cries of protest came from all parts of the house.

The Parliament were accused bitterly of "injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults."

Brooking no opposition, General Cromwell flayed the members unmercifully, his voice shaking with the intensity

of his passion. In answer to a reproach from Sir Peter Wentworth he summoned the company of musketeers who filed round the walls and stood quietly awaiting orders.

Sir Henry Vane's violent expostulations were answered by: "Sir Henry Vane! Sir Henry Vane! May God deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!" In the meanwhile Major-Gen. Harrison had escorted the Speaker from his seat.

Calling upon his captain of the musketeers, General Cromwell handed him the Mace with the words: "Here, what is this? Take the bauble away." He then cried to the soldiers to "make an end of this," and clear the House, which they proceeded to do more quietly than one would deem possible.

The General himself was much overcome at this stage in the proceedings, and was heard to remark more than once, "I did not wish for this. They forced it upon me."

And so ended the longest and stormiest Parliament in the history of our country, and speculation is now rife as to whether General Cromwell will take the reins of office into his own hands.

We have also selected the 100 best for special commendation as follows:

Mary P. S. Wood (Cambridge), Margaret Gibson Hill (Birmingham), Harold Teall (Leeds), Rotha Pearl Bankart (London, N.), Winifred Barker (Bradford), Roger L. Pearce (Great Shelford), Phyllis Marsden (Oldham), Eleanor Boyns (Kirkby Stephen), Joyce Lely (Budleigh Salterton), Joan Elizabeth Whitworth (Oldham), Rita Chester (Norwich), Ruth Ariel (Rochester), Eva Clark (Portsmouth), F. R. James (Walsall), M. B. Phillips (Brighton), R. H. Stockbridge (Cambridge), Mary M. Hawes (Birmingham), L. Dunn (Lichfield), R. J. M. Collins (Broadway, Worcs.), Philip Sydney Marsh (Sutton), Marjorie Simpson (York), F. Margaret Cohen (London, N.), Hilda Archer (Streatham), H. R. Maule (Caversham), Margaret Moore (Finchley), Jean Humble (Newcastle-under-Lyme), C. F. Cooke (Camberley), Katherine Kelly (Birmingham), P. H. Took

(Reading), Gertrude L. Squires (Warwick), C. V. H. Farrant (Oakham), Nina Taft (Normanton), Robert G. Fear (Bristol), Hon. M. G. W. Phillimore (Henley-on-Thames), Winifred Somerville (Leeds), N. P. Harvey (Cambridge), Molly Rose (Leeds), Kathleen Mann (Herne Bay), Jack Guy (Southampton), Kathleen Warren (Fulham), Joan Turner (Coventry), J. C. Carver (Winchester), H. Green (Bristol), Norah Cardis (Leeds), Peggy Ayers (Leigh-on-Sea), Doris Tonge (Merton Park), Douglas Cliff (Redcar), Mary Clarkson (Leeds), Betty Curtayne (London, N.W.), Fiona Macpherson (London, S.W.), Josceline Newcombe (London, S.W.), Edith Jackson (Sawbridgeworth), Violet Cane (Anerley), Margaret Ann Wilson-Smith (Bath), Patricia Buckley (Birmingham), Clifford Hayes Ritzema (South Shields), E. eanor Currie (London, S.E.), George D. Paterson (Dollar), Doris Kate Jell (Ashford), Wilgith Oldham (Birmingham), Gabriel Seal (Birmingham), Doreen McChesney (Leeds), Doreen F. Francis (Cirencester), S. Gibson (South Shields), Jean R. Sargent (Doddington), P. A. Boyns (Kirkby Stephen), Margaret A. Hartley (Edgbaston), J. N. Slater (Angus), Vivienne Jenkyn (Wimbledon), B. Maile (London, S.E.), D. Cochrane (Stirling), Mary Rigby (Portsmouth), Mary Craig (Birmingham), Jean M. Hogg (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Nancy Biggs (Hove), Myfanwy Phillips (Ham), Pat Rubinstein (Hampstead), George A. Burch (Pinner), Sylvia Hollis (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Thomas E. N. Starbuck (Nottingham), Norman Hendry (Angus), S. W. Arnott (Walsall), Morris H. Heynes (Southsea), N. D. Thomas (Waterloo), F. N. Williams (Cardiff), Freda H. Pragnell (Leigh-on-Sea), David Hart (Norbury), Anthony M. Sancto (Maidstone), James C. Moran (Islington), Andrée Lecutier (Leeds), Lilian M. Naylor (Exeter), Diana F. Graves (Wootton Wawen), Joan Elizabeth March (Wimborne), Joan Whatham (Forest Row), D. W. Cook (Sidmouth), Nancie Macaskie (Leeds), Clara Ackroyd (Brighton), Josephine Jones (Anerley), Kenneth J. Colman (Norwich), Diana Wimberley (Cranleigh), Yvonne Hallam (Nottingham).

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

- I.—ONE GUINEA for the best open letter of appreciation or criticism (not more than 200 words) addressed to any author named in this number.
- II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best description in prose or verse (not exceeding 250 words) of the modern youth or girl as any famous character in fiction of the past might speak of him or her.
- III.—Three new books for the best quotation from English poetry of the twentieth century, applicable to any book advertised in this number.
- IV.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

Results of December Competitions

- I.—ONE GUINEA for the best sonnet on London, is awarded to F. Newbery Birch, Pentaly, Tintagel, Cornwall, for the following:

LONDON.

City of paradox, of light and shade,
Of seething crowds and utter loneliness,
With beauty shining through the ugliness
And tears a-glimmer when the gay songs fade . . .
Under your clustered roofs men starve and die
As slaves enthralled by some strange mystic power,
Content to serve unthanked their little hour
Before they pass, in lonely graves to lie . . .

Green are the ways I tread, and blue the sky
Arches above me; yet with restless pain
Still for the City yearns my aching heart
As sunlit days and starry nights creep by . . .
For I would seek her dim grey streets again
And share the bitter sweetness they impart.

Highly commended are B. Gibbs (Upminster), G. S. Purnell (St. Ives), John E. Woods (Coventry), Margaret W. Hadfield (Sheffield), Hilda Archer (Streatham), I. Shipton (Hull), Mrs. B. Greaves (Farnham Common), S. Simpson (Highgate), Laurence C. Wheatley (Walthamstow), Morwyth Rees (Pembroke Dock), Mrs. Evelyn C. Gough (London, S.W.), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), P. M. Stone (Waltham, Mass., U.S.A.), John Purdie (Paisley), Edward Adams-Ray (Stockholm), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.).

- II.—HALF A GUINEA for a list of the ten best novels of 1932, is awarded to Gilbert Bradbury, 15, Castle Street, Reading, for the following:

"The Fountain," by Charles Morgan.
"The Fortress," by Hugh Walpole.
"Brave New World," by Aldous Huxley.
"The Burning Bush," by Sigrid Undset.
"The Case is Altered," by William Plomer.
"Without My Cloak," by Kate O'Brien.
"A Man Named Luke," by March Cost.
"Chaos is Come Again," by Claude Houghton.
"Inheritance," by Phyllis Bentley.
"Death of Felicity Taverner," by Mary Butts.

Highly commended are Olive Scholes (Coventry), Morwyth Rees (Pembroke Dock), John E. Woods (Coventry), I. Shipton (Hull), J. N. Banister (Leyland),

III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best four-lined epigram to serve as a sub-title for Thomas Derrick's cartoon.

The entries in this Competition were so much below the usual standard that we decided not to make any award this month.

IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from English poetry in the seventeenth century applicable to any book advertised in the December number, are awarded to B. Gibbs, Fosters, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex, for the following:

PROFITS AND THE PEN.

By HUGH TUIE. (Gregg.)

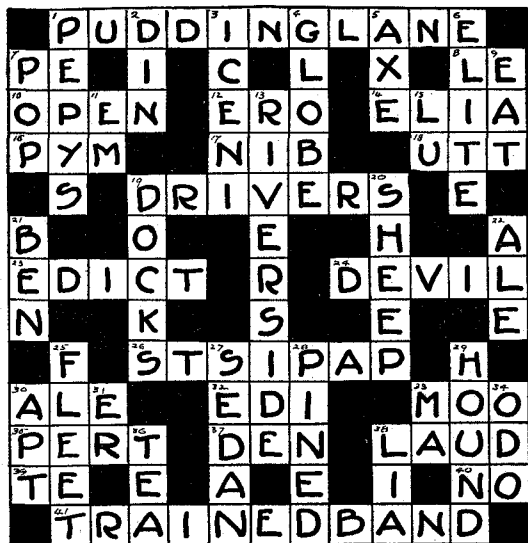
"Purse, who'll not know you have a poet's been
When he shall look and find no gold therein?"
THOMAS RANDOLPH, *A Parley With His Empty Purse*.

CROSSWORD NO. 26.

The prize of one guinea is awarded to Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.

"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD No. 28

Solution to Crossword XXVI



CHAUCER

By "PROCRUSTES"

NOTE.—In order to preserve uniformity of spelling, the edition recommended for reference is the standard Oxford volume of the complete works, edited by Skeat.

A guinea will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who supplies the best clue to 19 across.

CLUES ACROSS:

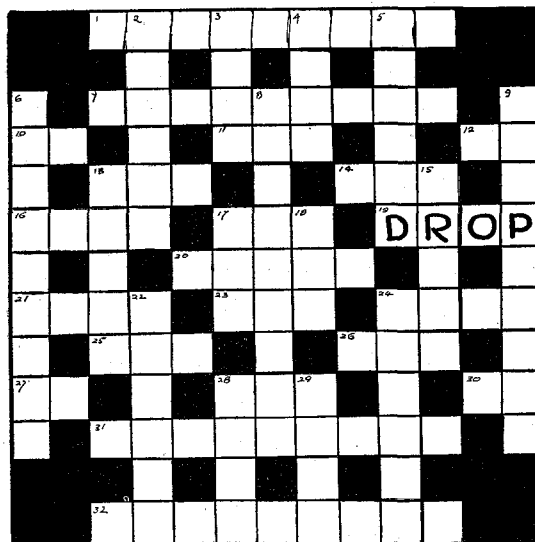
1. Its use was carefully explained in a Treatise for "Litel Lowis my sone."
7. "That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he loved . . .
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye."
10. A Chaucerian one.
11. The Monke gives Hugelyn of Pyse this title.
12. (With 13 across):
"My . . . is alwey oon, and ever was—
Radix malorum est Cupiditas."
13. See 12.
14. "And eek the Parables of Salomon,
Ovydes . . . and bokes many on,
And alle thise wer bounden in o volume."
(The volume belonged to one of five husbands.)
16. "Our host answerde, 'pees, na-more of this.'
And after this he seyde un-to the Frere,
'Tel forth your . . . leve maister deere.'"
17. "The goos, the cokkow, and the doke also
So cryden ' . . . ! ' kukkow, ' quek, quek ! ' hye."
—("The Parlement of Foules.")
20. It looks as if she borrows it, but it's hers really.
See "The Parlement of Foules":
"I wol ben . . . whether I wake or winke,
And trewe in al that herte may bethinke."
21. Where or whether in Chaucer.
23. Title of respect derived from the Latin *Dominus*.
24. "Ovyde, amonges othere thinges smale,
Seyde, . . . hadde, under his longe heres,
Growinge up-on his heed two asses eres,
The whiche vyce he hidde, as he best mighte,
Ful subtilly from every mannes sighte."
25. "At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
When they were wonne; and in the Grete . . .
At many a noble aryve had he be."
26. Pluto allowed Januarie to do this at an embarrassing moment for May and Damian.
27. (With 30) A rose-bush, in "The Romaunt of the Rose."
28. "Dame Fraunchyse"
"was not broun ne . . . of hewe,
But whyt as snowe y-fallen newe."
30. See 27.

31. "And Jesu, for his grace, wit me sende
To shewe yow the wey, in this viage,
Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage,
That highte . . . celestial."
32. " . . . and Marcia Catoun,
Mak of your wyfhod no comparisoun;
Hyde ye your beautes, Isoude and Eleyne,
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne."

CLUES DOWN:

2. In part Chaucer borrowed this from Boccaccio for "The Canterbury Tales."
3. "Of Northfolk was this . . ., of which I telle,
Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle,
Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rood the hindreste of our route."
4. Grisild did this to her child, "and after gan it blisse."
5. Troilus's horse, and also that of John in "The Reve's Tale."
6. "In . . . at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage."
8. Husband of Dorigene.
9. His tale was of a Marchant and a Monk.
13. The Wyf of Bathe lamented that these had disappeared since "th' olde dayes of the king Arthour."
15. "It is wel wist, how that the Grekes stronge
In armes with a thousand shippes wente
To . . . -wardes."
17. Modern slang, but used by Chaucer as part of the verb "kythen."
18. "And rekened with his figures ten,
For by tho figures mowe al . . .
If they be crafty, rekene and noumbre,
And telle of every thing the noumbre."
—("The Book of the Duchesse.")
22. "She rydeth to the sowdan on a day,
And seyde him, that she wolde . . . hir lay,
And cristendom of preestes handes fonge,
Repenting hir she hethen was so longe."
—("Tale of the Man of Lawe.")
24. "Tho saugh I wel
The botme paved everydel
With gravel, ful of stones shene,
The . . . softe, swote and grene,
Beet right on the water-syde."
28. Jumble another form of 23 across used by Chaucer.
29. Name by which Chaucer frequently refers to Ovid.

Crossword No. 28



COUPON for FEBRUARY, 1933